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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MR. GEORGE CAVE is apparently a singularly ingenuous person, and yet why should he be so? Mr. Cave, we find, was called to the Bar thirty years ago, he was Chairman of Quarter Sessions for seventeen years, and amongst many other responsible positions has represented the Kingston Division for five years, and yet what do we find this respected Member proposing? Fully aware of the complexion of the present House of Commons, and of the ways of the "childlike and bland" Labour Member, Mr. Cave actually got up in his place and proposed a self-denying ordinance. He thought argument would prevail! He smoothly suggested that it might look a little odd, if immediately after all power over finance had been taken away from the House of Lords, the very first act of the members of the House of Commons should be to vote to themselves a salary of £400 per annum. Was Mr. Cave poking fun at the famished allies? If he was, his humour was not relished, and his suggested advice was decisively rejected. In such a hurry were the confederates to "collar the swag," that they would not even wait for an ostensibly decent way or even adopt a workmanlike manner of removing the spoons. The resolution not to apply to themselves! Perish the thought! They were the only

people whom they cared one jot that it should apply to. No mock-modesty, no nasty-niceness about them. They saw the people's money on the table. The transfer was the matter of a moment. The sweep—if not clean—was absolutely effectual.

The correspondence at present proceeding in more than one paper concerning hotel and inn accommodation in France, Germany, and England may be beneficial in many ways. At present, when the question of a holiday at home or abroad is discussed, the scale is often turned in favour of a Continental visit by reason of the charm and cheapness of the French *auberge*; and not only by these qualities, but the supreme one of good and genial management. At a hundred pretty villages in Normandy, but a few hours' journey from London, the English stranger is welcomed courteously by the proprietor—or proprietress—of the house at which he proposes to stay; the few words of imperfect English are proudly spoken, and he would be an ill-tempered visitor who failed to respond or to feel at ease. "Make yourself at home, sir," said the lady who presided over our evening omelette on a certain memorable occasion in Harfleur; and when we expressed pleased surprise at her knowledge of the language, it transpired that this welcoming sentence was all the English she knew. The Englishman *en vacance* feels far more at home in France than the Frenchman holiday-making in this country, simply because of these little touches of hospitality and amity which are found even in the most outlying districts.

The *Smart Set* for August well maintains the reputation for excellent literary work, both in prose and poetry, which began with its very first number. Mr. Richard le Gallienne, true to his trust as Keeper of High Romance throughout the English-speaking world, writes cleverly on the thesis that "never was there a more romantic age than ours," instancing the "magic toy" of the telephone, the "magic machinery of communication," and the doom of the *duenna* in modern courtship. "Soon," says Mr. le Gallienne in his concluding sentence, "it is to come about that a man shall propose to his wife high up in the blue heavens, in an airship softly swaying at anchor in the wake of the evening star." Very pretty, and in the true Golden Girl vein, although, as a rule, a man does not propose to his wife. The stories in this issue are capital, and we notice especially a good and original tale by Henry Sydnor Harrison, whose fine novel "Qued" we reviewed a week or two ago. As to the two and three line witticisms which fill up odd corners, the *Smart Set* was always famous for those, and we cannot resist quoting one of the best, particularly apt and pungent at the present day:—"It is easier to grind out epigrams than it is to think out solutions; hence the plethora of Shaws and the dearth of Maeterlincks." That hits the mark, and reminds us that a very fine and gently sarcastic cartoon of "G. B. S." appears in the current issue of *Vanity Fair*.

We have received from India the prospectus of an English edition of "The Golden Book," issued at Lucknow in 1903, which contained short biographies of about 2,000 notable persons, but which was in the Urdu tongue. The English volume will be named "Who's Who in India," will contain photographic illustrations, and is due to appear in the late autumn of this year. For those who have played any active part in the work of the Indian Empire, and who desire to have their names placed on record, a form is provided at the end of the prospectus. The specimen biography enclosed is very comprehensive and well written, and the book should have a large sale among the thousands who are interested in the Empire across the seas.

LESPAGNOLS-SUR-MER—1351

Their sails are low and full and square,
Many upon a misty sea;
Black cowls move 'mid the helmets there—
Who is it hath more need of prayer,
They or we ?
For the Spanish sails are nine to our three.

The hungry waves may eat their fill
Of men and eke of ships to-day—
The sun is red and seems to spill
His redness on the waves until
We and they
Abandon those grim tides and creep away.

Another green peers o'er the green
Of purer waters—now the towers
Of Winchelsea uprise serene—
Beneath their shadow kneels the Queen,
Flower of flowers.
God have mercy on the Spaniards' souls and ours !

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

"IGNOBLE THEMES OBTAINED MIS- TAKEN PRAISE"

It would be wrong to suggest any connection between two prominent features of the position—political and social—which we observe at this moment. It can only be a coincidence that a national scheme of insurance—on a contributory basis—is quickly followed by agitation on the part of the assumed beneficiaries for increased pay. Pay beyond the amount of the contribution which the Chancellor *paterfamilias* has done violence to his record—at Limehouse—in demanding. And—yet is there no connection between the two ? The Chancellor, in his capacity of statesman, is—more or less—alive to the dictates of thrift and common honesty ; in his capacity of demagogue, he is otherwise. In which capacity is he likely to captivate the adherence of the most poorly paid and least responsible section of the population ? We think Mr. Lloyd George "queered his own pitch" as author of a contributory scheme, when he used these words at Limehouse :—

Who is it—who is responsible—for the scheme of things whereby one man is engaged in life in grinding labour to win a bare and precarious subsistence for himself, and when at the end of his days he claims at the hands of the community he served, a poor pension of 8d. a day, he can only get it through a revolution.

There are many explanations of the responsibility for the final picture, although Mr. Lloyd George—as demagogue—suggested there was only one—namely, the selfishness, cupidity, and luxury of the classes who are not dependent at the last on the "poor" pension. Such language quoted on Tower Hill is sure to lash men on strike into fury.

The smug Labour members and their camp followers waste few words on the correct Chancellor defending his contributory scheme from the green benches of the House of Commons. The picture they present is that which we have quoted above.

Who can be surprised at the reply ? Why should the man who is spending his life in grinding labour contribute out of his scanty earnings towards insuring himself against various contingencies ? Employers' liability legislation has in many respects relieved him from any necessity to insure himself. His old-age pension is provided for him by every one but himself. Why should his eloquent electioneering friend expect him to show care, forethought, ordinary thrift, or any degree of self-denial ? This man at least is logical. He has been carefully instructed that he is to be no participant in making provision for himself in various directions ; why is he now called on to do so, because Philip in sobriety has turned his back on his gospel of plunder ?

The more we ponder, the more we are inclined to quarrel with the opening sentences of this article. We do begin to think the process of demoralisation has proceeded so far as the result of Radical misdirection, that amongst certain classes the utmost resentment is felt against anyone who suggests that the duty of helping themselves falls in any degree on their own shoulders. It is all very well for the Chancellor to decree that they shall contribute towards the many misfortunes and ills to which life is heir, but they hold the trump card. Contribute—yes, if we must, but we will have more than double pay out of which to pay our contribution. The attitude is, of course, wholly immoral, but it is human, and how can you look for morality from that which you have sedulously demoralised ?

The worst feature which is observed at present is that the superior wage-earning classes have not escaped the infection. Adopting a thoroughly illogical attitude, without examination and comprehension, they declare solidarity—a senseless fugue. The skilled, the intelligent, the self-respecting worker must be disloyal to his employer, disregardful of his family ties, an enemy to the industrial and commercial progress of his country, because—it is his duty forsooth to support the unexamined claims of the pariahs of industry and the professors of sloth and degradation.

We do not say that the position has actually developed at this moment as we have depicted, but all the elements are seen to be in action which would lead to a loathsome abyss.

If there are Labour leaders let them come forth now, and stand boldly against the inevitable tendency. Will they do so ? We wonder.

It is obvious that the State—possibly after a cataclysm—will have to adopt very different methods for securing on the one hand—justice, and on the other responsibility, honesty, and character. Lofty methods must be recommended by those in authority, and the highest object must be realised as residing in the effort to lead and not mislead, to elevate rather than to debase,

CECIL COWPER.

REPUBLIC OR MONARCHY?

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

Is the Third Republic destined to last? This is the question you hear asked so often in France, and there are few who dare to give a decided answer. There are many royal vultures hovering on the horizon to gather round the body should the Republic fall sick through any untoward circumstances. There are the Bonapartists with the great name and glorious traditions of the mighty Emperor to dangle before the public. They have his code of law to point to, and the many splendid public works he has left as a lasting memorial of his genius, while the glory of his conquests can never dim, notwithstanding their unfortunate termination. The evils which Napoleon I. brought on France through his insatiable ambition have long since been forgotten or forgiven. The French feel that in spite of the disasters which ended his fifteen years of unparalleled power he left no stain of humiliation on France, and that if in the end he was conquered it was only because France ran short of men to carry out the frightful dictates of his genius for war. But the Napoleonic claimants are handicapped by the unpleasant interlude of the Third Empire. Louis Napoleon brought worse disasters on France than Napoleon I., and his defeat left an indelible stain of disgrace and humiliation which the French will never forgive and can never forget. This is unfortunate for the future successful exploitation of the Napoleonic Legend. It can be explained away by pointing out that Napoleon III. was of very bastard descent, the son of the most feeble of the Emperor's brothers and of Josephine's daughter Hortense, who, born of a stock emanating from the enervating West Indies, was hardly likely to become the mother of a line of potent warlike kings.

On the other hand Napoleon III. was accepted by the French people. For twenty years he was the most powerful factor in continental politics, and it was only after the disasters of 1870 that he was called a feeble coward and adventurer. Therefore the French people cannot shake off the responsibility for the Third Empire, and it will naturally make them loath to re-establish on the throne another Emperor cast in a similar mould. If the French are not satisfied with the return of a Bonaparte, they can turn to the other royal claimants—to one of the branches of the Bourbon family. The traditions, glories, and troubles of the Bourbons go back through so many centuries that their claims to the throne need no further explanation. They are anointed by time and by the Divine Right of Kings, but they are handicapped by the misrule and extravagance which brought the French peasant to the verge of starvation in the eighteenth century, and which ended in the French Revolution and summary execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Then, again, the short revival of the Bourbons under Louis XVIII. is hardly a dignified incident of history. At Versailles there is a picture of Louis at work in his study at the Tuileries. His figure is corpulent and his face is that of a harmless family pig. Papers lie before him, and he holds a pen in his hand, but he does not write, and his expression is one of infinite boredom and imbecility. Contrasted with Baron Gros's superb work of Napoleon I. busy in the very same room, Louis XVIII. presents but a very poor figure. Then, again, at Versailles is another picture of the same unfortunate monarch making his hasty

exit from the Tuileries on the news of Napoleon's return from Elba.

Either Louis Philippe or Napoleon III. must have caused this portrait to be painted to ensure the exile of the Bourbons for all time. No man could appear in a more unhappy light than the royal runaway. He is so fat that he can hardly walk, and in this picture his features appear more animated, not, however, with the heroic fire which usually shines in the eyes of monarchs when they cause their own pictures to be painted, but with an expression partly of shocked surprise and partly of fear, as though he were incapable of understanding how any rival could be so rude and so energetic as to turn him out of hearth and home at the expiration of a year's tenancy without even the customary month's notice which domestics and householders usually enjoy. France has laughed too often at the Bourbons, and when the French once laugh at an individual or at a Government they refuse to take either seriously again. Besides, the French can never forget that poor Louis XVIII. was twice returned from Europe's lost property office of dethroned kings by foreign bayonets over the bodies of thousands of her bravest sons. As long as the memory of these things remains, and as long as those two portraits are yearly gazed at by millions of French citizens, the Bourbons cannot hope to regain the throne of their ancestors.

Then there is the other branch of the Bourbon family, the Orleanists, as a possible substitute for the Republic. Louis Philippe was a worthy man, and his natural inclinations were to be a good constitutional monarch. But he was feeble, and he allowed himself to become the tool of unscrupulous Ministers, so he also crossed the Channel. His reign was colourless, and he has left behind him no glorious traditions—nothing, in fact, except a few unattractive portraits of himself in Versailles playing a heroic rôle in wars and events which no one now remembers. The Third Republic at present occupies much the same relative position as does Jack Johnson, the coloured champion, in pugilistic circles. Johnson is disliked by many; he cannot last for ever; but none of the existing White Hopes are ever likely to put him down for the fatal count. The Third Republic is disliked by many; it cannot last for ever; but none of the existing Royal Hopes are ever likely to knock it out. Jack Johnson's hour will come, so will that of the Third Republic, but no one can say when, how, or at whose hands.

No nation can go through two such chequered centuries in its history as France went through in the eighteenth and nineteenth without acquiring some political wisdom. The French have learnt wisdom from disaster. They are not going to allow themselves to be carried off their feet by any display of royal wares, however attractive they may appear. They realise that a Napoleon can add nothing to their glory, but that he might add very considerably to their national debt and to the long list of those who died to satisfy an insatiable ambition under the belief that they were laying down their lives for their country. Unless a Napoleon lives up to the family traditions there is no *raison d'être* whatsoever for his occupancy of the throne. He could hardly improve the Civil Administration of France, and he could hardly hope to add to the happiness or prosperity of the French people. The French recognise how much they owe to Napoleon I. in spite of his ambitions, but they have had a sad practical experience, from which they are only just recovering, of the evils which result from similar ambitions in the hands of a

weak and incompetent man. The Bourbons are likewise equally unattractive, for in the eyes of the French they mean expense combined with imbecility.

It will be very difficult to revive any monarchy which has left so many traces of their worst features as the various French royal lines have done. Versailles is symbolical of all that is worst in monarchical government. It is the greatest monument to human extravagance which exists in the world. To a nation of small holders it is peculiarly abhorrent. The idea of one man and his wife occupying such a vast palace and spending such enormous sums of money on its upkeep at a time when thousands were starving in the streets of Paris, only a few miles away, is peculiarly repugnant to the thrifty French family man. Napoleon I. had the sense to realise this, and never lived there. Louis XVIII., whose family, in the words of Napoleon himself, "learnt nothing and forgot nothing," was animated by no such scruples, and frequently made it his residence. Philippe Égalité, forgetting for the moment his nickname, also passed some of his time there. Napoleon III. intended to do so, but seems to have abandoned the project. Philippe Égalité, however, thought better of the idea, made Versailles his permanent residence, and decided to turn part of it into a museum. He consecrated it to "All the Glories of France," and by doing so he may be said to have sealed up the coffins of all the royal aspirants to the Throne of France. He threw the palace open to the gaze and to the understanding of the French people, and they with quick perception gradually have learnt what a monarchy means.

But it is not only Versailles; there is St. Germain, there is Fontainebleau, and there is Malmaison. The French come in their millions from all over France and gaze in delight and admiration on these monuments of former days of greatness for the individual and misery for the masses. For a moment they may say to themselves, "How fine if these days could come back; how glorious it would be!" But this is only for a moment. Then the sense of proportion reasserts itself, and the worthy citizens reflect that it is better to come and see these things on Sundays or *fête* days than to starve outside the palace gates whilst the revels and music of the small coterie who compose the Court are wafted to the waiting masses. They leave the palace more than ever satisfied with Monsieur Fallières and his stipend of two hundred and fifty thousand francs a year.

The fundamental change which has come over France in the last twenty years is the decline in the political supremacy of Paris. Formerly where Paris willed France followed; but now all is changed. It is the provinces which control the policy of Paris, and this is the great achievement of democracy under the Third Republic. It makes for stability of government and for peace. The small peasant proprietor of France is a sound economist, and possesses great political acumen. He wants peace so that he may develop his material resources, and save money for his family. He hates the bare idea of war. The fear of invasion is ever before his eyes. He dislikes soldiering, though he recognises it as a necessary part of his duty as a good citizen; but woe betide the Government which sends him to the stricken field for any other reason than self-protection against a foreign aggressor. Such a Government would not last a day. Thus it seems as if nothing could upset the stability of the Third Republic, which is apparently founded on a solid rock of public approval. And yet something may. The love of

glory and of individual greatness still lives in the excitable Gallic nature; sudden changes in public opinion are still likely to sweep the country, but they will not react in favour of a Napoleon, or a Bourbon, or an Orleanist. The danger would come supposing the country should be dragged into a great war. Then if any general should cover himself with glory and win battles for the nation, and thus restore her fallen military prestige, he would become by a simple automatic process first President and then—well, few men who have risen to power under such circumstances are content to pass into obscurity at the end of their allotted span of office.

FLAUBERT AND HIS LETTERS - I.

By FRANK HARRIS

THERE has been a sort of newspaper *plébiscite* held in France recently, and by an enormous majority of votes Gustave Flaubert was chosen as the greatest French writer of the nineteenth century, and his novel "Madame Bovary" was selected as the best French novel. The voice of the people in matters of art is usually negligible, and I find it difficult to accept either of these popular verdicts. I should place Balzac far higher than Flaubert as a novelist, and I should not hesitate to put two or three of his books above "Madame Bovary." At the same time no one will deny that this popular choice of a writer and a book reflects credit on French taste, compels one to a certain respect for ordinary French opinion. For Flaubert never took any account of popularity: he wrote for himself and was his own severest critic. Intent solely on getting the best out of himself at any cost, he made his life a long martyrdom to his craft. While Zola was producing fifty portly volumes Flaubert was content to leave a poor half-dozen; he spent seven years, as all the world knows, over "Madame Bovary" and fourteen on "Salammboë"; he told Georges Sand that an epithet often cost him ten hours' labour, and if he could get a page on paper in a week he was well content. Even if one had to add a good many grains of sceptical salt to this statement still there can be no doubt that Flaubert took his work with extraordinary seriousness; he was indeed a priest of letters, "the last of the Fathers of the Church," as he loved to call himself, utterly contemptuous of vulgar applause, and enamoured of perfection. It is astonishing then to find such a scrupulous artist and master of style turned into a popular hero and "Madame Bovary" proclaimed a deathless masterpiece by the children of the people who prosecuted Flaubert for having written this very novel, and treated him during his lifetime with disdainful contempt. One is accustomed to seeing popular judgments reversed; but this apotheosis of a criminal is extraordinarily rapid and extraordinarily complete, so rapid and so complete indeed as to suggest that Flaubert's masterpiece is now appreciated rather for its passionate appeal than for its high artistic quality.

Still we are not primarily concerned here with the popular pendulum-swing from extravagant blame to extravagant praise, but with the slighter fluctuations of the critical needle seeking the point of rest. Before the point is reached, however, certain hitherto unconsidered aspects of Flaubert's nature and Flaubert's activity must be brought into the account.

We know a great deal about him from one source or another. He tells us himself that he was five feet eight in height, corpulent, hot-blooded, and red-faced (*rougeaud*); from the de Goncourts we hear of his thunderous voice and aggressive personality; his outbursts of anger at small meannesses, his savage contempt for false valuations; Tourguénief tells us of his childlike frankness bred of long solitude, and his underlying kindness of nature, the spring

of human love and sympathy at the heart of him. His niece relates with what magnificent generosity he gave up all his fortune to her and her ruined husband when he was over fifty years of age and already infirm and suffering. Heine's praise of himself is true, it seems, of Flaubert, as indeed it is true, I think, of most great artists. They have more of the milk of human kindness than other men:—

Schon knospet die Jugend welche versteht
Des Dichters Stolz und Guete,
Und sich an seinem Herzen waermt,
An seinem Sonnengemueute.

If we are to believe these witnesses, and they are unusually clear-sighted and fairly disposed, Flaubert was a rich, kindly, and vigorous personality, and might have been expected, therefore, to produce generously. Yet five or six volumes are all he has to show for thirty years of incessant, nerve-racking labour. This meagre output of an exuberant temperament forces me to accept Flaubert's account of the time and trouble he spent on his prose style. I believe that he read every page of it again and again with most meticulous care, now to remove an assonance, now to bring more variety into the form of the sentences, now to make sure that the rhythm of the words intensified the significance of each passage. He was perhaps the greatest among the masters who have turned French prose into one of the finest forms of literary art. And one does not come to foremost rank among such writers as Gautier, Renan, and Michelet without strain of hand and head.

As a rule the great creators have so much to say that they are apt to be a little careless as to how they say it—or rather they soon come to see that the utmost care given to the manner will not improve the result materially; the Balzacs, therefore, prefer to leave a dozen masterpieces to one or two specimens of impeccable and perfect artistry.

What bee in his bonnet was it that made Flaubert spend seven years on "Madame Bovary" when it would probably have been almost as good as it is if he had despatched it in six months? It seems to me that his experience of life in boyhood and youth, when our companions and friends and loves make the deepest impression on us, was unusually slight. One knows "Madame Bovary" intimately, profoundly; but Flaubert has hardly revealed to us another woman's character. And his men are nearly all thin and slight, studied from the outside with the indifference of maturity. His niece tells us that nearly all the personages of his stories are sketches from life, easily recognisable portraits of relations and acquaintances. Here we have the key to the puzzle. Indeed Flaubert himself supplies it. Now and again in his letters he lets slip the fact that he was a solitary in boyhood and very shy. His niece explains that his solitariness was increased by his bringing-up in the melancholy isolation of the hospital where his father was senior surgeon. As a youth Flaubert says he always felt that he was unlike other men, that he would shock people if he told them what he thought and felt; he would therefore keep silence as long as he could and then break out into a diatribe that astonished every one. His uncouth vehemence, his rudenesses even, were the inevitable result of his melancholy shyness and solitary upbringing. It was this nervous shrinking, due in part to an unusual precocity of genius, which made Flaubert a solitary even in boyhood and youth, and so impoverished his acquaintance with men and women.

A rich and powerful nature with only one or two models at command, Flaubert naturally resolved to make the one or two books he had in him as perfect as possible.

Yet no one by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature. Fine as is "Madame Bovary," it is not finer even in artistry than Balzac's "Curé de Tours." True, the style of "Madame Bovary," the verbal felicity of it, is incompar-

ably more exquisite than anything to be found in Balzac; but the proportions of "Madame Bovary," what Goethe called the architecture of the book, is nothing like so perfect as the architecture of "Le Curé de Tours." In the first half dozen pages Balzac has excited our interest, brought us to like the little, heedless, harmless, good-natured, good-humoured, ease-loving Abbé, and in a dozen more pages he shows us the spider waiting for this happy, buzzing fly, and fills us with the premonition of inevitable disaster. Then relentlessly the current of the story sweeps on—narrowing, hastening, leaping to the catastrophe—a masterpiece of narration, a model of modern tragedy. The first hundred pages of "Madame Bovary," on the other hand, are tedious—they should have been boiled down into twenty—and the end is too melodramatic. The Bovarys of real life don't poison themselves; they slide from one *liaison* into another till advancing years force them to inaction. The tragedy of life to Emma Bovary is that she is inevitably *lassata sed non satiata*.

Nor must it be imagined that Flaubert's verbal style, good as it is, is beyond criticism. It would be easy indeed to show that the very excellence of it, the colour and beauty and music of the words, are utterly out of keeping with the realism of the theme. The simplicity, the apparent negligence of de Maupassant's style would have become Emma Bovary better than the sumptuous tissue of crimson and cloth-of-gold in which Flaubert apprals her.

Yet, in spite of Flaubert's meagre knowledge of human nature, in spite of his architectural blundering, in spite of the long-winded introduction and melodramatic tragedy, in spite, too, of a style far too ornate and splendid for the wife of a village doctor, "Madame Bovary" is a memorable book, and perhaps deserves to be called a masterpiece of modern fiction. Still, if this was all Flaubert had done I should not esteem him and love him as I do. Don't let me be misunderstood; I prefer "Madame Bovary" to all his other novels, even to "Salammbo," though his gorgeous style is better suited to this exotic theme; but, fortunately for himself and for us, Flaubert was a voluminous letter-writer, and, curiously enough, he has revealed himself more completely in his letters than in his novels. I say "curiously enough," for Flaubert was a severe self-critic, and yet took himself to be a novel-writer, and a novel-writer only. If ever there was an impersonal artist, one who desired above all things to hold a fair and true mirror up to Nature, it was Flaubert. What one man can do to hide his personal feelings and personal bias he did; he wanted to be as God's sun and illumine the whole object or scene with the impartiality of light. But just because of his shyness and the solitariness of his youth he had not sufficient knowledge of men and women to show his full powers as a novelist. In his letters, and chiefly, perhaps, in his letters to Georges Sand, he lets himself go and unconsciously paints himself for us to the life; and this Gustave Flaubert is enormously more interesting than anything in "Madame Bovary." The Flaubert of these volumes of letters is a prodigious big and kindly fellow, worthy to stand side by side with the greatest, with Balzac and with Shakespeare, though he lacks a good deal of Balzac's breadth and of Shakespeare's height.

I began this article because the third instalment of Flaubert's letters is now appearing. The publisher has just issued in one volume a new set of letters written by Flaubert from 1854 to 1869. Among them are forty odd letters addressed to "Mlle. Bosquet," in which a little love is mixed with a great deal of literature, and so we get a new cup of the "wine that's meant for souls."

But, alas! I have left myself no space now to talk even of these new letters, much less to say anything of the four previous volumes which are among my cherished possessions. Clearly I must deal with Flaubert, the letter-writer in a second article.

THE NATIONAL INSURANCE BILL

SOME CRITICISMS FROM A TRADE UNION POINT OF VIEW—II.

THE effect of Clause 11 upon the workman is, to the general public, more important than its effect upon Trade Unions, and considerable sympathy will be felt for the injured workman whom the Government helps with one hand and hinders with two. Under the existing law the victim of an accident is entitled to half wages from his employer up to £1 per week, *plus* whatever his thrift has led him to provide by way of his Trade Union or his Friendly Society. In effect the Government's scheme robs him of every friendly benefit his common sense has sought to provide, and limits his total receipts to the amount of sick benefit paid under the Bill. The man may have half killed himself in the service of his employer, but he will only receive the same allowance as the shopmate who suffers from influenza or hay-fever. The Workmen's Compensation Act never aimed at giving compensation for the anxiety and suffering incidental to accidents: it only offered partial compensation for wages lost; compensation for suffering had to be provided by the workman himself through some form of personal insurance. Clause 11 not only prevents him making such provision in future, but robs him of whatever he has already contributed for such contingencies. So serious is the effect of this clause that Trade Unionists may prefer to drop the Insurance Bill in its present form, and to retain inviolate the Workmen's Compensation Act.

Attempts have been made to persuade the Government, for the purpose of determining contributions, to calculate wages on a weekly instead of a daily basis, but these attempts have failed, consequently the piece-worker earning 3s. on Monday and 5s. during the remainder of the week will pay the full contribution of 4d., while the day-worker whose wages are regularly 9s. per week will get off by paying 1d. If the contributions were based upon the average weekly earnings this injustice would be remedied, but the State's contribution would have to be higher.

That portion of the Bill dealing with unemployment offers Trade Unionists many opportunities for criticism. The exclusion of the majority of workers from the benefits of a scheme towards which they are compelled indirectly to contribute can only be excused on the ground of inexperience and inadequate data, but the attempt to differentiate between trades and to make contributions fit particular trade risks is less defensible, and is sure to create difficulties between the Unions and ill-feeling amongst the men. It may at first sight appear just to try and fit unemployment contributions to unemployment risks, but here again the Government ignores Trade Union practice, and loses sight of the fact that some one must work in the risky trades, not altogether of choice, but as a matter of national necessity. Had the Government appealed to the workmen on broad, national lines, they would have responded and agreed that all should pay alike and stand to receive alike.

Clause 73, section 1, seeks to increase the importance of Labour Exchanges by offering considerable advantages to employers who engage their workmen through this source. It permits the employer in one week to have half a dozen different men employed on half a dozen different days on the same job and only to pay insurance premiums as if he employed one workman during the whole of the week; but there does not appear to be anything in the clause which enables any one of the workmen to escape paying a full week's contribution, though he may only have been employed one day during the week. It will be possible with the clause in

its present state to obtain for one week's work one contribution from the employer and six from the workmen.

The effect of this clause will be to discourage direct employment and to weaken the personal relationship between employer and workman, and it offers further deplorable advantages to those employers who need, or who think they need, a surplage of not too independent labour. Dock-workers may suffer considerably through this clause. In many districts their Unions have been able to regulate the calls, and men only have to attend at the places where they are usually engaged at certain specified hours. This ensures them certain opportunities for rest and food. Driven to engage through the Labour Exchanges, these men must be on call throughout the whole of the day, or risk the loss both of work and of benefits that might be provided under the scheme. Many Trade Unions view with justifiable suspicion the efforts to increase the influence of the Labour Exchanges without increasing democratic control over their actions; they fear the development of these Exchanges into gigantic anti-Trade Union organisations, administered at the public expense and caring only for the interests of the employing class. Something of this fear was expressed in the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted by the National Conference which met in the Memorial Hall in June:—

Non-unionists drawing benefit from the Labour Exchanges must be placed in the same relative position towards the members of an approved Trade Union as are Post Office contributors towards members of Friendly Societies—i.e., his contribution, together with the contributions of the employer and of the State must be isolated and subjected to a first charge on account of administrative expenses, the residue to bear the entire cost of his benefit, and the qualifying period for his becoming entitled to benefit shall be double that of a member of an approved Trade Union.

To obviate the danger which may arise from adding to the duties and the importance of Labour Exchanges, the Bill should exclude them altogether from the distributive side of the scheme and secure this for the Trade Unions.

Clause 79, section 1, presses hardly upon Labourers' Unions. These have never been able to obtain contributions sufficient for the creation of permanent unemployment funds, and their chances in this direction are not increased by the compulsory deductions under the national scheme. They will never be able to fulfil the conditions laid down if the Government maintains its determination not to refund more than two-thirds of what the Union has paid in unemployment benefit during the year; the remaining third will always be beyond the financial capacity of these Unions, because their contributions rarely exceed 3d. per week, and their average of unemployment is exceedingly high.

Clause 80 should be restricted to *bona fide* Trade Unions; otherwise all kinds of undesirable organisations may spring up and attempt to reap where the Trade Unions have sown.

The principle laid down in the Workmen's Compensation Act in respect of the dates from which benefit may be paid should be followed in the Insurance Bill, and benefit for either sickness or unemployment should be paid as from the first day if either sickness or unemployment extend beyond three full days. The Government scheme only proposes to pay for sickness after the third day.

Nowhere does the Bill seem to make adequate provision for the representation of Trade Unions upon advisory or administrative bodies or upon local health committees. The Unions were ignored when the superior appointments were made and the Advisory Committees formed after the creation of the Labour Exchanges. They have had grave reasons for resenting the manner in which these appointments were made, for more than one dispute has been com-

plicated by the inexperience or class prejudices of those who were placed in charge. Quite recently, some one speaking on behalf of the doctors asked for a representation of two out of twenty-two; if the workmen, who are called to contribute four-ninths of the cost of the scheme as against the doctors' nothing, are represented in the same proportion they will be satisfied.

Trade Unions must be forgiven if they manifest some nervousness and some irritation at the attitude taken by the Government towards all attempts to amend the scheme from their point of view. Friendly benefits have been of considerable value to them; they have supplied a binding influence of a continuous character; they have helped to conciliate public opinion and to prevent this becoming wholly hostile, and they have also steadied the operations of the movement at critical moments. To transfer the administration of these benefits to other, and in some respects rival or hostile organisations may have political consequences hardly appreciated by those in charge of the measure. Stripped of these benefits, and excluded from the administrative work connected with them, the Unions must turn wholly to wage questions; they will become purely industrial fighting machines, approximating in action, if not in constitution, to the Confédération du Travail. If this is the object of the Government, it may continue to ignore the claims and practices of the Trade Unions while it is building up its scheme, and its object will doubtless be secured; whether the interests of industry will be furthered is another matter.

W. A. APPLETON, Secretary of the General Federation of Trade Unions.

MONTJOIE

MONTJOIE lies in a deep valley of the mountainous district known as the Eifel. The little town is built on a bend of the river Roer, which is really one long waterfall from one end to the other, and is always turning in its bed as if it were looking for a hairpin. Like all mountain streams, it becomes a raging torrent in winter time after a thaw, which perhaps accounts for my impression that half the houses in the town are falling into it and that the other half are climbing out with glistening walls and waterweed in the crannies of their roofs. Wherever the townsfolk go in the valley they hear the breathless song of their river; it rings in the ears of new-born babes, it calls after the dying through the closing gates. On Sunday nights, when the young men have come home from the factories at Aix to meet their girls, who work in the silk-factories at Montjoie, the river absorbs the sound of their mirth, and, since it is a merry river, its voice is unchanged.

These silk-factories are the last word in a commonplace industrial story. At one time Montjoie was famous—"throughout Europe," says the guide-book—for the manufacture of cloth, and the town displays many fine old houses where the manufacturers lived in the years of their pride. For over two hundred years Montjoie flourished, and within the narrow limits of the valley ground became so scarce that the townsfolk built elaborate walls to make little terraces on the precipitous hills, where they might grow their cabbages. But the railway came too late to Montjoie, and the competition of manufactories more happily situated killed the cloth trade, and for a while at least the kitchen-gardens on the mountain side must have been unnecessary. Now Montjoie has recovered a little of its old prosperity, the girls making silk and the boys working all the week at Aix; but the fact remains that in fifty years the population has fallen

from three thousand to seventeen hundred. The silk manufacturers have bought the old factories and left them idle to forestall possible competition.

It is to this decline in its prosperity that Montjoie owes much of its picturesqueness, for during the last hundred years it has not been worth anybody's while to build new houses, and the little town has crossed a century of vile architecture unscathed. I have never been in any town that felt so old as this, even though it is lit by gas and devout persons have built a hideous little chapel on one of the hills above it. Its narrow streets, paved with cobbles, and its half-timbered houses projecting over the footway, carved sometimes with pious observations in Latin, and approached by sagging steps adorned with elaborately-wrought hand-rails, create an atmosphere of matter-of-fact unromantic antiquity which is far more impressive than the glamour with which artists endow their conceptions of the past. In the June sunlight there was nothing mysterious about Montjoie; it rather convinced me that possibly the Middle Ages are not an invention of the historians. By day the young people were all at work and the streets were given up to centenarians and kittens, who would have looked very much the same a few hundred years ago as they did then, so that it was easy to give a handful of centuries back to Time and to play at being my own ancestor. In half an hour I had forgotten wireless telegraphy, the phonograph, googly bowling, and all our valuable modern inventions, and was able to walk through the streets with only a casual eye for the queerness of the architecture.

But when night falls Montjoie is full of ghosts and shapes of the dead.

To revert to the houses, they first opened my eyes to the possible poetry of slates, and conquered my normal English aesthetic prejudice in favour of tiles. Between the wide chimneys the slates are spread like butter on a new loaf, in ambitious and tumultuous waves. They are local slates of a delicate colour, so that from the hills Montjoie resembles a colony of brooding doves, and it is easy to fancy that if one threw a stone into their midst the sky would be darkened by flapping wings, and the valley would be left untenanted and desolate. But it is guarded by two ruined castles, one the mere shell of a watch-tower, the other a beautiful and imposing ruin that will be a desirable residence for any reincarnated *seigneur* by the time the State has finished spending money on its restoration. In chivalrous days this castle was besieged no less than six times, but now the hills are only garrisoned by enormous slugs. The black ones are longer than the brown ones, but they are not so fat; the black slugs are like silk umbrella tassels, the brown ones are like dates.

More interesting to me than the conventional ruins of castles was a large disused cloth factory, for, while it is natural that a castle should be ruined, a factory in decay disturbs our trust in the permanence of our own inventions. It was so large that the little boys had become tired of breaking the window-panes, and many of them were still intact; but through the gaps it was possible to see the looms standing idle under their coverlet of dust, the engines grown hectic in the damp mists of the river, and the whitewash peeling from the walls in soapy flakes. On these walls the workgirls had written their names and the names of their lovers, and I wondered how many tragic separations there must have been when cloth no longer paid in Montjoie, and half the inhabitants went elsewhere in search of work. Unhappily I discovered this significant sepulchre in the company of a man who was labouring an aesthetic theory that it was necessary to have visited Nuremberg in order to understand Wagner, and disturbed my sentimental speculations with idle babblings

on music and architecture. I told him that Wagner would have been far more interested in the cloth-factory than in Nuremberg, and that a man who could look at it unmoved was capable only of imitative artistic emotions, which, of course, is true of most men. But I made no convert, even though I pointed out to him the oil-cans still standing where the engineers had put them down for the last time, and the nails where the girls had hung their coats in winter. There are moments when I hate cathedrals and fine pictures, because they make men blind.

One evening I went up to the factory alone to look for ghosts. The cows were being driven down from the hills with a pleasant noise of bells, and the river was singing huskily as though the mist had given it a sore throat. As the darkness came on I would not have been surprised if the deserted buildings had throbbed into spectral life, spinning cloth of dreams for the markets of dead cities. But they held mournfully aloof from me and the world, like a Spanish grandee wrapped in a threadbare coat, until a little old woman came out of one of the outbuildings and told me a story in a sad voice. She had worked there as a young girl, and when the smash came those who lived on the premises were allowed to stay there rent-free; but they had all gone one by one, and now she was alone in the midst of the great buildings that had filled her life since she was twelve years old. It was hard to believe that she was not one of the ghosts whom I had been seeking, and I returned to the town feeling as though I had nearly guessed its secret.

Montjoie is in Germany, an hour and a half by train from Aix la Chapelle and within a day's walk of the Belgian frontier. I descended a precipice one fine evening of June in the company of a mad Belgian architect, and found it waiting for me at the foot. It had waited a thousand years, and it will still lie expectant of the man who shall make it his own when the hand that writes these words is fast once more, after so brief a period of freedom, in fetters of incorruptible dust. The works of man last longer than man himself, though it be but a little longer. And if these old houses tell us only that our forefathers, like ourselves, built shelters wherein they could love secure from the gusty winds and the cold of the world, we are yet aware of a shy conviction that these greying and furrowed stones possess some deeper significance that eludes our judgment, made hasty by the fewness of our years. "If these ruins could speak—" the guide-book says regretfully, when all men know that they are never silent, though we cannot linger with them to hear their message. If the past would cease to trouble our hearts with its sweet and poignant mutterings, we might succeed in mastering the present, in overcoming the reticence of the days to come. I climbed down into Montjoie on a fair evening of June, and after a fortnight—a fortnight as short as a sunny hour—I climbed out of it back into a restless and unfinished world; and so it might be thought I had finished with Montjoie and Montjoie had finished with me. At one time this might have been true; but now I know that I am the slave of my dead hours and shall escape from my servitude no more. Like all men, I am a thousand men, and one man of me wanders still in those steep, uneven streets, looking at the faces of the houses, and waiting for the hour when they shall disclose their secret. Once in a dream I found Time sitting in a garden, and with a dreamer's courage I raised his shaggy eyebrows to peer into his eyes. They were as gentle and kind as a dog's. Perhaps the magic charm of old houses preserves the love and comradeship of the men and women who have lived in them. Perhaps when my spirit wanders by night in Montjoie it is cleansed and quickened by the fellowship of the immortal dead.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

REVIEWS

FLOREAT ETONA!

A History of Eton College, 1440-1910. By Sir H. C. MAXWELL LYTE, K.C.B. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 21s. net.)

The present is the fourth edition, revised throughout and greatly enlarged, of a work which was originally published thirty-six years ago. The author has always been careful to acknowledge the sources from which he has garnered his information: in bringing his work almost up to date he refers to the additional printed sources and the many friendly communications from individuals on which he relies. It has been easier for him to engrave and incorporate than when he set out to produce "a history of Eton in which matters of biography and architecture, studies and pastimes, old customs and single incidents, should each receive their due share of notice, and fall into their proper places, side by side in chronological order." It is the comprehensiveness of the book which has always given it a pre-eminence. There are other accounts of Eton from different points of view, but none before Sir Maxwell Lyte's book treated it as a whole. Whereas he examined original manuscripts, now later writers use him as their quarry. The size of the volume has been enlarged to accommodate the fresh material. The illustrations have been somewhat altered. It may be a matter of taste, but the new seven photogravures are hardly so agreeable to the eye as the other pictures in the book.

William of Wykeham had already, in 1379-87, founded Winchester and New College, Oxford, so that the scholar King Henry VI., a weak man, sometimes insane, had an example to imitate when he took formal measures in 1440, through certain officials and the Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Buckinghamshire, to carry out his Charter of Foundation of "The King's College of our Lady of Eton beside Windsor," which in due course assumed form as a body corporate, endowed with landed estates, certain privileges, and feudal rights, included in successive Charters sanctioned by several Parliaments. Papal Bulls were secured in favour of the new College. King Henry visited Winchester and induced the Head Master, William Waynflete, to migrate to Eton to organise the new arrangements there, which he carried out before he became Provost in 1443. Statutes were framed, and subsequently extended, establishing the Collegiate body and the seventy poor scholars receiving free education, board, and lodging, called Collingers to this day. They were destined to proceed to King's College, Cambridge, simultaneously founded by King Henry. Provision was also made for an indefinite number of boys coming to Eton from any part of the world for education. Hence arose the Commensals, who ceased later; the Oppidans, the "townboys," have since formed the greater portion of the school. The first Statutes have a characteristic mediæval termination:—"If anyone, at the instance of the old serpent, shall endeavour to invalidate the statutes, he shall be deemed guilty of perjury." Henry VI. took infinite interest in his foundation. Whenever he met any of the boys at Windsor Castle, he usually tipped them, saying, "Be good boys, meek and docile, servants of the Lord."

Sir Maxwell Lyte's history is too full of detail to summarise. After delays in building and starting, Eton experienced vicissitudes of fortune, survived threats of suppression, suffered retrenchment, received new endowments from private persons, went through appearances of plague and pestilence, lost property to Henry VIII., who contemplated Eton's destruction but died before effecting it, felt the Marian reaction, was honoured with numerous

Royal visits and official visitations, entertained distinguished foreigners, had contests for the Provostship and Fellowships, developed the Playing Fields, experienced Puritan rule when Provost Rous was appointed Speaker of the Barebones Parliament, required additional school-buildings from time to time, including residential houses for the Oppidans. Eton life in the sixteenth century, and again in 1766, forming the subject of two chapters, can be fully realised. The boys' rebellion in 1768 on the subject of bounds was a serious affair; subsequent attempts at rebellion were equally unsuccessful: Dr. Keate, though small in stature, was full of courage and resource, not easy to terrorise. We must refrain from digressing into anecdotes. Sir Maxwell Lyte mentions the increase in the numbers of the boys and their fluctuations. The 207 in 1678 changed to 350, 425, 244, 326 to 513, 522, 230, 246, 510-627, 486, 444, 777, 801 in 1859, 908 in 1871, and lately over a thousand, an enormous number to manage. The list of distinguished college and school authorities is long; that of eminent Etonians is longer. The amusements have varied in course of time; bear-baiting, hunting the ram, and illicit sports have given place to modern pastimes which, as in England generally—Eton being a microcosm—receive much more attention than formerly. Other old abuses and institutions have passed away. "Montem" ceased in the 'forties, the joys of Windsor Fair are no more, floggings are less frequent, even the instrument of punishment has been changed. Some absurd customs still linger, and Eton has its special slang, though not so peculiar as the "notions" of Winchester.

Interesting and often amusing as the history of these 470 years is, modern Eton and its example are of infinitely greater concern. Lord Rosebery, a prominent *alumnus*, spoke of Eton, at a recent centenary dinner, as to his "mind the supreme scholastic educational establishment of the whole world." As lightning strikes the highest objects, so is Eton exposed specially to the shafts of criticism. Lying as it does almost under the shadow of Windsor Castle, as Sir Maxwell Lyte says, Eton has usually enjoyed an ample share of Royal favour, the advantages of which may be acknowledged. But does the school fulfil its main purpose as a place of education? What about the education provided? Mr. Oscar Browning, no lover of modern Eton, writes (in his "Memories of Sixty Years") of the Eton education in 1860, in its most favourable aspects, as one of the best educations that has ever existed; he recognises the value of classical education as a basis "so long as it remains in harmony with the spirit of the age." There is the point: has the Eton education advanced in accordance with the demands of the times? The Royal Commission of 1861-4 on Public Schools found great fault with it, and many changes have since been introduced. The staff of masters has been greatly increased; mathematics, modern languages, history, literature, science (in various branches) are recognised subjects of study. Do they obtain enough attention? Are they properly taught? Are the classics well taught? Such points can never be finally determined. Eton boys win a fair share of scholarships at Balliol, Trinity, and elsewhere; their great numbers produce a proportion of really able boys, sure to succeed in scholastic and University competitions. But if it be asked whether throughout the school full advantage is taken of the excellent education provided and available, it is not sufficient to reply that boys will be boys, and that much must not be expected of them between thirteen and nineteen. At Eton study is notoriously not in favour, industry is not fashionable. The boys aim at avoiding failure (and its consequences) in school-work, and seek success and glory in their games. The material is generally excellent. Eton is the school of the plutocracy; the charges are heavy, an air of

wealth and comfort pervades the place. There are many eldest sons and heirs to fortunes who will not have to work for their living, know the fact, and cannot be made to study. The school system has other merits. The Provost, Dr. Warre, claimed that "'Floreat Etona' meant the recognition of certain traditions and principles, and particularly the tradition of liberty, under the influence of which those who knew they were free recognised what was due to authority, and without hesitation did that which they knew to be best for the school." The system of liberty develops self-government, organisation, self-reliance, a sense of responsibility. Eton, it was written, "has a special faculty in providing men with the qualities of leadership. She breeds captains," so that Etonians are constantly found in the very front, though not superior intellectually. The dominant, distinguishing Eton spirit was thus described by Lord Curzon at the same dinner:—

He thought they all felt that somewhere in the background there had always been in their hearts the inspiration of a common idea, the sense of purpose, responsibility, and duty, the desire to do nothing that at any time would render them unworthy of the great institution to which they had belonged. That, he thought, was the Eton spirit; that was the spirit which had made the boy of his own time shout "Floreat Etona!" as he led his company to the charge in South Africa, falling, shot through the heart, at the head of his men. That was the spirit which had animated the Eton Eleven at Lord's last year, and again in a lesser degree this year; and that was the spirit of the Eton Eight at Henley this year, when they constituted a "record," not merely in the history of the school, but of the Henley course. It was the spirit which was embodied in the words "Floreat Etona."

We hold no brief for Eton. The school produces gentlemen and good fellows; they might often be better educated. In the "Eton Anthology," lately published in gorgeous style, one of their own poets, W. Cory, has said:—

Ay! Eton yet! Let critics rail.
Let Harrow boast her powers;
I'd rather have the lads that fail,
So they be lads like ours.

ARMAGEDDON—A NEW VERSION

La Nouvelle Europe. By MARCEL BARRIÈRE. (Alphonse Lemerre, Paris. 3f. 50c.)

The gift of prophecy was during long centuries supposed to be dead, but for the last thirty years or so we have had manifold and convincing proof that it has only lain dormant. Messrs. Wells and Bellamy occur at once to the mind as pioneers of the revival, and M. Marcel Barrière, whose latest book is before us, has graduated already as a qualified seer. Whether he is to be one of the major prophets it would be rash to predict at present: "de vivis nil nisi caustum." And besides, the modern prophet, like his prototype, is largely concerned with prophesying what will not happen; his gloomiest forecasts are directed at that which may be avoided. In his happier moments he is trying to produce desirable consummations by influencing aspirations. M. Barrière is one of the completest prophets we have met, because he has started with a whole syllabus of future history and philosophy, and is engaged in working it out step by step, lustre by lustre, idea by idea. It is the Rougon-Macquart idea applied to the future. Zola had a peep at the future, by the way, in "Vérité" for instance, but with what unspeakable results. Balzac created

a world for a background to his *Comédie Humaine*, and many French novelists, including M. Anatole France, have produced families of books; but we doubt if any one before M. Barrière ever made in advance a syllabus of fifteen books. "La Nouvelle Europe" is the second volume of the second part of the "Trilogie Romanesque" of the whole "Heptalogy." Parallel to the "Trilogie Romanesque" runs the "Trilogie Philosophique," and the whole is to be completed by a "Partie Analytique."

The first part of the Heptalogy, comprising three volumes that have already appeared, and entitled "Le Nouveau Don Juan," describes the search for happiness in love of Prince Baratine, and is completed by the first part of the "Trilogie Philosophique"—"L'Art des Passions." In these books the true subject for the general purposes of the whole work is the education of the superman who is to regenerate the world. In the course of these adventures he gradually discovers his powers, his limitations, his ideals, and his mission. For M. Barrière believes that the problems of the near future can only be solved by men—by men of generous impulses and unbounded vitality. Democracy and a kind of Socialism he considers inevitable; the former indeed is with him a kind of religion, and the French Revolution a voice from Heaven. Socialism he admits on a highly individualistic basis. But above all, and before all, he must have an aristocracy, or even a tyranny.

The first volume of the present series, which is christened "La Dernière Épopée," is concerned with the first attempts of the tried and tested superman to forge tools for the fashioning of the new world. One of the first of the many terrific problems is that of the relations of the white to the other races. In the "Monde Noir," Baratine, as governor, turns the French provinces in Northern Africa into an ideal State, where race troubles are unknown and inconceivable, and the blessed principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity point the way to a golden age.

"La Nouvelle Europe" is the history of the last war, of the triumph of the French Revolution over its last enemies. France has just confided her destinies to a Dictator, partly as the consummation of the *révolution sociale*, and to sweep up the rests of a "disorderly Parliamentarism to which the country had aforetime owed a period of decadence and of unforgettable degradation," but really and principally to prosecute the inevitable war with Germany. This Dictator, Fouché-Lahache, is a friend of Baratine, and another of the strong men who are to be the physicians of society. He has little of the mysticism that distinguishes his friend, but he has that almost superstitious hatred of monarchy that surprises in certain French minds, and once or twice in the careers of many poets. His aim and goal is to get rid of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs—whose dominions, by the way, have become fused into one great empire, under the presidency of Prussia. The Czar may be left to the natural developments of time. For allies Fouché-Lahache has the "Latin Republics"—Italy, Spain, and Portugal—on the point of constituting with France one great "Latin" federation—and England, in spite of her monarchy and House of Lords, which are, however, excused as being mere "shadows," and soon to disappear at that. This great alliance is not, however, completed till the moment when the French military organisation is ready for its task, and becomes, in fact, the *casus belli*. The equipment for France for the great struggle is methodically described—the training camps, the formation of an *élite* of professional soldiers, the organisation of the whole army in multiples of three. The training of the officers and the selection of the fittest for the important posts, as well as the sympathy promoted between officers and men, are other features that receive special examination.

M. Barrière is careful from the beginning to disown all

idea of the Revenge and the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine. In this matter he says that prescription has done its work. But, putting aside the question of the two provinces, we cannot admit that the idea of revenge is entirely absent from these pages. If there is one thing that galls the author, we should say it was the "Gott mit uns" of Kaiser Wilhelm I.; he credits his own Kaiser, grandson of the present one, and ruling, we suppose, in about 1930, with a very crude piety and a tactless and unseasonable method of expressing it. The worst thing about his counsellors also appears to be their "pietism." The triumph of the French Revolution is the uppermost idea in "La Nouvelle Europe," but the "French" is to the full as important as the "Revolution." Baratine objects to Fouché-Lahache's ruthlessness—"Le patriotisme n'est après tout que l'égoïsme des nations;" and the Dictator's reply is: "Soit. Mais la France n'est pas une nation quelconque; c'est la nation modèle."

The German and Austrian sovereigns are, then, the two obstacles to an international millennium. It is a very simple gospel, and, with important reservations and a substitution of the shade of Bismarck for the Imperial office and its holders, one that might command in many quarters a certain popularity. M. Barrière's war is the inevitable consequence of internal Socialistic troubles in Germany; it is the red-herring of the Imperialists. The French Government foresees the crisis and encourages it; England is bound to help for the sake of secular janglings and present interest. Of course, the war, in the hands of a French neo-Jacobin, could only go one way, and after a short campaign, most graphically and credibly described, and a tremendous battle on the banks of the Moselle, between Nancy and Metz, the Germans are completely routed. What follows is the end of the Prussian and Austrian dynasties, and the gradual disbanding of European armies. Baratine dies from the effects of a wound, and the Dictator quits his office in a moment of disillusionment. It is right that the book should end on a rather hopeless note, as there must be work left for the volumes yet to be written.

The part of the English forces in the war is distinctly gratifying to the national pride. National service has become an established fact, and English cavalry play a great part in the big battle. As for the naval duel, that is very soon over, and "the London Government was astonished to have been, for a moment, afraid of such an unworthy adversary." We are pained, however, to find that most of the victorious fleet are subsequently sunk in harbour by submarines—it seems a wanton blow, after the annihilation of the German battle-fleet.

Baratine's black troops play a decisive part in the big battle, more by their reputation—for they arrive at the last moment—than by their actual fighting. We quite understand the supposed cry of protest from Europe at this feature of the war; so does M. Barrière, though he is too much engaged in following one of his hobbies to endorse the protest.

The verisimilitude of the story is most complete. We were driven into getting out a map of the Franco-German frontier, and into following the campaign step by step. One possible horror of a modern battle is indicated; days of continuous cannonade produce such a disturbance of the elements that a storm of incredible violence is provoked, and most of the supplies and accessories of the two armies are destroyed by the wind and the rain.

The book might serve as a pendant to Mr. H. G. Wells's "War in the Air," only whereas in that grisly forecast civilisation is torn up by the roots, in the present case its cause is advanced. But then, if M. Barrière's conception were the first to be realised, it would cut the ground from under the other's feet. And if we must have one or the other, we prefer M. Barrière's catastrophe.

SOUTH AMERICA IN A NUTSHELL

The Ten Republics. An Introduction to the South American Series in Porter's "Progress of Nations." By ROBERT P. PORTER. With 12 Maps. (George Routledge and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE ten Republics with which Mr. Porter deals are those which comprise the continent of South America. The field, therefore, is exceptionally formidable in its proportions. Each of the ten countries has supported the weight of many and bulky volumes, and the mass of literature that is now extant on the subject is a little fearsome to contemplate. But Mr. Porter is not in the least concerned with bulk. He has placed the ten countries together, has boiled them down, and has given us his contribution in as condensed a form as that which a few tins of meat-extract represent to a weighty herd of live cattle. To desert bovine metaphor, his summary of the continent that extends from Cape Horn to Panama occupies rather less than three hundred pages.

Now this in itself is a notable feat, by the side of which the majority of merely commercial compressions pale. It was Columbus who probably gave the most rapid description of a country ever known. When asked to picture a certain mountainous island—which I believe, from recollection, was Madeira—the explorer, yielding to his weakness for graphic illustration, crushed together a smooth piece of paper in his hand, and thus produced an eloquent vista of peaks and valleys. Mr. Porter has dealt more tenderly and elaborately with his paper; nevertheless, he has contrived to give an astonishingly full measure of information in the space he has allowed himself for the purpose.

Although history is lightly touched on, the main interest of a volume of this size is inevitably confined to the industrial and commercial ethics of the various countries. Stress is very rightly laid on the enormous expansion of railways that has occurred within the last decade, and that is undoubtedly increasing in impetus with the passage of each year. The latest phase of this notable movement is, of course, the opening-up of those great districts of the far interior that until the present have partaken almost of the nature of *hinterlände*, so great were the distances that separated them from the centres of practical commerce. This more ambitious system of development is still in its comparative infancy; but in another two or three years it will undoubtedly have matured sufficiently to produce results that cannot fail to astonish the world. This, it should be understood, applies less to Argentina than to Brazil, Bolivia, Paraguay, and Peru, for, as the author justly remarks, Argentina "now stands fourth among the nations of the whole world in the matter of railway development in proportion to population."

So far as Argentina is concerned, Mr. Porter renders full justice to the progressive spirit with which the inhabitants of the Republic are permeated:—

Meanwhile Argentina progresses by leaps and bounds, a land of plenty for all but the naturally inept and incapable. Its people are frankly and entirely occupied in the pursuit or the enjoyment of wealth, caring but little how they are governed and regarding politics with indifference, so long as it rains. . . . The national prosperity rests on the surest of foundations, since an inexhaustible source supplies its constituents, and for these, the prime necessity of mankind, the demand can never even waver, so that in summing up Argentina's prospects of future material welfare the slightest fringe of pessimism would appear to be inadmissible.

It is, of course, impossible to follow the full scope of Mr. Porter's work in this notice. Let it suffice to say that each

Republic is adequately dealt with, and we have an ample summary of Argentina, Paraguay, and Uruguay, with their pastoral and agricultural wealth; of Chile with its nitrate fields; of Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru with their coffee, rubber, and minerals; and of the various industries of Venezuela, Ecuador, and Colombia. It is a large field—in lozenge form!

The historical portions of the book are, on the whole, ably and fairly accurately rendered, although here and there occurs a slip that cannot well be passed over in silence. The author, for instance, in dealing with the history of Paraguay states that in 1814 the country "became independent under Dr. Francia, a beneficent despot, who ruled the country firmly and encouraged agriculture and industry."

Now the adjective *beneficent* is one that can scarcely be applied with justice to the first Dictator of Paraguay. As a matter of fact, Doctor Francia was a tyrant whose methods can scarcely have been outdone in cruelty by any other despot in the history of the entire world. Indeed, the adjective now applied to him renders the relation of a few of his deeds essential, if for nothing more than for the purpose of comparison and for a subsequent alteration of opinion concerning the character of the man.

According to the testimony of reliable eye-witnesses resident in the country at the time of the tyranny the merest chance criticism of the methods of the Dictator was in itself quite sufficient to cause its rash author to be cast into prison. But these prisons were no ordinary places of incarceration. Each was a small cell without windows or air-holes into which some forty miserable wretches were packed tightly together, and this in a tropical atmosphere! Nevertheless, had Francia's cruelties ended at this point all would have been comparatively well. The ghastly interior of the prison, however, formed merely the prelude to a series of torturings and floggings beneath the stress of which a large proportion of the prisoners died ere the official time for their execution had arrived. Irrespective of cause or reason the very existence of the highest and lowest in Paraguay lay at the mercy of the tyrant's whim, and Francia valued human life as little as terrier treasures that of a rat. Here is a record of this "*beneficent*" Dictator that will reveal something of the strange workings of his mind:—

A poor woman, knowing no other way of getting an audience of the Dictator, went up to his closet window; she was sent to prison for her temerity, and her husband, who had not even heard of the pretended crime, was obliged to share in her punishment. The Dictator was so deeply offended at this want of respect, as he called it, towards his person, that he gave to the sentinel placed before his door the following order: "If any passenger should dare to fix his eyes upon the front of my house, you will fire at him; if you miss him, this is for a second shot (handing him another musket loaded with ball), and if you miss again I shall take care not to miss you." This order being quickly known through the city, the inhabitants carefully avoided passing before this terrible palace; or, if any person were obliged to do so, he kept his eyes constantly bent upon the ground.

This story might be received with some incredulity were it not in the company of so many others of similar nature and of undoubted authenticity.

Perhaps these remarks will help to prevent an unduly rosy passage down posterity on the part of Dr. Francia. As a matter of fact, an historical slip of the kind does not detract from the industrial and commercial value of Mr. Porter's book. He has succeeded admirably in bringing together a store of information in a handy form that cannot fail to be invaluable as a work of reference.

INDIAN WILD TRIBES

The Kacháris. By the late REV. SIDNEY ENDLE. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

We have here another volume of the valuable series of monographs of the numerous tribes in Assam which are being published officially under the orders of the Government of the Province, the companion volume to which, "The Naga Tribes of Manipur," by Mr. T. C. Hodson, we lately noticed in THE ACADEMY (April 1st, 1911). It is very proper for the Government to undertake the publication of such books, which are useful both for administrative purposes and as contributions to the knowledge of ethnology, folk-lore, tribal customs, &c. They testify to the efforts of the Government to understand the people with whom their officers have to deal, and they certainly must prevent the perpetration of many mistakes and conduce to improved relations, as these semi-civilised people find themselves better understood and their motives appreciated. The history of the whole of Assam has been well written by Mr. Gait, the accomplished Civil Service officer who has conducted the recent Census of all India and is now engaged in writing the report on it. But these monographs go more into detail than is possible for a comprehensive work.

The little book before us was compiled by the Rev. Sidney Endle, who laboured as missionary and planters' chaplain for upwards of forty years in the Darrang district, north of the Brahmaputra River, with his headquarters at Tezpur. His life was devoted to his beloved Kacháris of that district, as Mr. J. D. Anderson, late I.C.S., in his Introduction shows. His popularity with the natives and his familiarity with their language enabled him to acquire information which a Civil Service officer can rarely hope to gather. He could preach with equal ease and eloquence in English, Assamese, and Kachári, and he compiled a manual of the latter language. The people known to the English as Kacháris and elsewhere termed Chutiyas are by themselves called Bodo (or Bada, Boro, Bara). In Assam proper the Hindus designate them Kacháris, in Bengal they are known as Meches, the same word as Mleccha, barbarian, a term applied offensively to the English in India. The origin of the Kachári race is still obscure, but it is not unlikely that it was in earlier days the dominant race in Assam; its Mongolian type, however, indicates Tibet and China as its original home. Immigrations from the north and north-east probably occurred, by which the Ahoms left their mark on the country. These aggressions account for the division of the Kacháris into two distinct groups: the northern located north of the Brahmaputra, as previously stated, and the southern, the Dimasa, Great River Folk, who were driven out of the Brahmaputra valley and sought refuge in the country now known as Cachar, the hills and the district of that name. Tribes of the same race, but known by other names, such as the Koch and the Garos, are included in these groups. Within Assam the whole race numbers probably more than a million souls. The Bodo language has survived, in spite of Hindu and Shan invaders and settlers.

These people are described as being among the most innocent (through ignorance) and kindly of semi-savage races, intellectually inferior, strong rather than skilful labourers, intensely clannish and obstinate, possessed of many virtues, but yielding at their festivals to a weakness for the national beverage—rice-beer. In their social and domestic life they generally resemble other rude folk, with differences. The system of mutual help prevails among them, their food is not limited or restricted; except that no orthodox, old-fashioned Kachári will ever touch milk, and their women do much of their fishing. Mr. Endle attributed their internal and tribal organisation to a totemistic basis; his description

of their sub-division into septs or clans is very interesting, but the restrictions on marriages have long since passed away. Kacháris of the old-fashioned, conservative school still think it a duty to show respect to their totem (the tiger) by formally going into mourning whenever they learn that one of these animals has died in the immediate vicinity of their village. Polyandry is absolutely prohibited. Respect for chastity is maintained; in certain cases of suspicion the rice ordeal is adopted. A certain quantity is given to each grown-up girl to be masticated; the offender, under the pressure of the fear of imminent detection, is unable to masticate her portion, the faculty of secreting saliva failing her in her terror of discovery and disgrace. The Kachári religion is of the animistic type, its underlying principle being characteristically one of fear or dread. As a rule no idol or temple is seen, "but to the Kachári mind and imagination earth, air, and sky are alike peopled with a vast number of invisible spiritual beings, known usually as 'Modai,' all possessing powers and faculties far greater than those of man, and almost invariably inclined to use these powers for malignant and malevolent, rather than benevolent, purposes." They have borrowed many deities from their Hindu neighbours, some household, some village, including a cholera demon. But the Kacháris have no priestly class and employ no Brahmins in religious ceremonies, though in times of special emergency the services of the "possessed woman" (the *Deodani*) are requisitioned for an appropriate ceremony. The Kachári has some vague and unsatisfactory belief in a life after physical death. He is often regarded by his Hindu neighbours as a Boetian, but he has practical qualities and a saving sense of humour which lighten the cares and toils of existence. Mr. Endle devoted a chapter to the Kachári language which belongs to the agglutinative, as distinct from the inflectional, family of languages, and Mr. Anderson has appended some specimens of interlinear literal translation of folk-tales which linguistic students will appreciate.

We have said enough to convey information of the character of the book and of its utility to certain classes—local officials and students of mankind. Such works are written by specialists for specialists, and have their value accordingly. The four coloured pictures are very good, and the illustrations generally are realistic; the map showing the area occupied by the Bodo races will be helpful to ethnologists.

LIFE IN NORTHERN NIGERIA

A Resident's Wife in Nigeria. By CONSTANCE LARYMORE. Second Edition, Revised. (George Routledge and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is with great pleasure that we welcome the second edition of Mrs. Larymore's little volume on Northern Nigeria, the first edition of which, we notice, is placed amongst the "authorities" on which the article on that country is based in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Major Larymore, C.M.G., was appointed a Third-class Resident in Northern Nigeria in 1902, and our authoress elected to accompany her husband, and, as she puts it, "no Englishwoman yet had gone where I meant to go, or done what I hoped to do." She was courageous, and disposed to bear with cheerfulness any risks and discomforts which she might encounter, and any one who reads her book will acknowledge that few women have roughed it more and been in more tight places, and faced both with greater equanimity.

The risks run were not the outcome of any unfriendly disposition on the part of the natives, who seem invariably to

have behaved like nature's gentlemen, and in many cases regarded her with genuine admiration and affection. At Katágum, where she was the first white woman ever seen, she tells us that—

The Sariki explained to me that as I had evidently been "sent" to them as a special mark of favour, it was quite necessary for them to know my name—what should they call me? "A man's name," I remarked, "is given to him by his friends. Give me a name yourselves." After cogitating in whispers, the old man said, smiling, that they would in future know me as "Uwama" (our mother).

The dangers which she escaped arose rather from the menacing forces of nature, such as the navigating of cataracts in the higher reaches of the Niger, and the tropical cyclones which render landing on the harbourless West African coast a frequent source of accident. She was never nearer death than when, in transhipping from the mail-steamer to the branch boat *Dodo* outside the bar at Forcados during an October hurricane, the *Dodo* was hove-to on the lee side of the mail-boat, and the transfer of passengers, mails, and baggage made in an open ship's boat. The heavy sea threatened to swamp the boat at any moment, which after having almost reached the *Dodo* in safety, was sucked in towards the propeller, and barely escaped being crushed on the heaving swell beneath the stern of the vessel.

Another bad quarter of an hour was when she returned from leave in 1908, and was steaming up the Niger at night in a stern-wheeler, and the vessel began to sink by the bows in forty feet of water. An iron barge had been lashed alongside, into which the crew and passengers hurried, and, struggling desperately to sever the lashings, only just succeeded in cutting it adrift before the steamer made its final plunge. Major Larymore, who had rushed below to save his dog, was imprisoned in the cabin by a mass of sliding baggage, which blocked the companion as the bow sunk and the stern rose. His wife fought fiercely to clear away the heavy packages, while he smashed his way through the jammed door of the cabin, and just in time he, she, and the dog dropped over the rail into the arms of the men in the barge.

Mrs. Larymore appears to have been very devoted to animals and pets of divers kinds. She seldom returned from leave to commence a new tour without a dog or two of sorts, and on one occasion had the enterprise to import a crate of buff Orpingtons and black Minorcas; and we read on various occasions of native cats, of marabouts, a baby ostrich, and even a baby hippopotamus.

One story she tells about a pony which is very remarkable. The pony got colic, and was doctored all the afternoon with hot fomentations and other remedies, and was given up for dead. The native vet. then asked if he might take him in hand, and having got the pony on his legs, "passed his hands five or six times down the animal's flanks, murmuring to himself the while; finally, taking the muzzle in both hands, he looked very hard into the pony's eyes, recited a string of Arabic sentences, and, stooping low, blew into each nostril three times." Whereupon the pony eat a bran-mash, "and never showed another symptom of pain or illness." Perhaps after all the fomentations had something to do with the cure.

We have all read something of the great city of Kano, with its 40ft.-high wall and its thirteen gates; but Mrs. Larymore adds some interesting details concerning the interior of the town. Her account of Hadeija, a similarly walled town still further north, and the reception of the party by the Emir, makes a striking picture of the grandeur of the native rulers, and their clouds of expert horsemen in the chainmail and plate armour which the Arabs of the Soudan borrowed from the Crusaders—a

scene which reminds us of the account given by the present Governor of Northern Nigeria of his reception at Kano some twelve months ago.

This book will be read with interest by all who follow with intelligence the growth of the Empire, and the sturdy enterprise and patient endurance of the King's servants in the Dominions beyond the Seas.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Hebrew Satire. By J. CHOTZNER, Ph.D. (Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

In our notice of Dr. Chotzner's previous work, "Hebrew Humour," in our issue of the 30th of September, 1905, we pointed out that the author had apparently mistaken the meaning of his title, inasmuch as there was little of humour to be found in the essay which gave the title to his volume. After a perusal of the present work we find ourselves justified in passing a similar criticism upon it; for in this book Dr. Chotzner has apparently again mistaken the meaning of his title, as there is but little of satire to be found within its pages. This cannot mean that the Hebrew genius is devoid of satire. Rather otherwise should, we think, be the case. Satire must be almost the natural resource of a highly intellectual race such as the Jews, which through various methods of oppression is debarred from the natural processes of rejoinder and attack. One would have thought that Dr. Chotzner, in choosing such a field as he has, had obtained the opportunity of developing an unlimited estate wherein the rough material of a dozen volumes similar to that of "Hebrew Satire" lies ready to hand. Either we are sorely mistaken or the author has very strangely overlooked the wealth lying at his feet, for his garner of Hebrew satire is quite insufficient to justify anything more pretentious than a newspaper article at the most. The anecdotes which he has collected are in the main devoid of satire, and some appear to have no particular point in them whatsoever. The same may be said of the translations in verse, whose form, moulded by the hands of our author, gives no consolation to the disappointed reader, falsely attracted by the title of the book; for these examples do not serve to support Dr. Chotzner's claim to the poet's wreath. No, it cannot be gainsaid that the book is quite unworthy of its subject.

The Wonder Book of Railways. Edited by HARRY GOLDING. (Ward, Lock and Co. 3s. 6d.)

For all boys who love engines, and are curious to learn something about the way in which a big railway is managed, this well-illustrated book will be a treasure. Articles dealing with the whole life of the iron road, from signal-cabins to sleeping-cars, and from the lowly yard-locomotive to the magnificent expresses which travel hundreds of miles without a stop, are contributed by various authorities, and little fault can be found with them. It was perhaps a mistake to attempt the explanation of the valve gear of a locomotive without diagrams in a book written especially for youngsters; we almost wonder the writers did not expatiate on the mysteries of "lap" and "lead" while they were about it. On the whole, however, the technical portions, when they are necessary, are very clearly put. A capital chapter on the alteration of the Great Western Railway's broad-gauge is included, and a picture of the departure of the last broad-gauge through train to Penzance on May 20th,

1892, reminds the present writer that he caught that train, amid great excitement, at Plymouth. The changing of the gauge in two days was a feat of which the Great Western may well be proud, in spite of the fact that Brunel's obstinacy cost them so dear. Sections dealing with the Tube Railways, with headlights, uniforms, bridges, mails, help to make this volume really valuable; it should become a well-handled item on every boy's shelf of favourites.

Tyrannical Revision. By the REV. PONSONBY A. M. SULLIVAN.
(Catholic Literature Association. 1d.)

MR. SULLIVAN has brought together within the limits of a small pamphlet a very able and concise appeal for the proper understanding of what would ensue should the resolution proposed by Convocation and giving much greater power to the Bishop of a Diocese to settle "any question which may arise between the minister of a parish and the people with regard to . . . conduct of the services" be added to the Preface of the Prayer-book. He views both this resolution and the much-disputed Ornaments Rubric from a very broad standpoint, and endeavours to point out many of the disputes and tyrannies which would take place should the suggested alterations be made. It is rightly pointed out that the priests and laity are often more loyal to the Church than the Bishops themselves, and that to allow an individual Bishop to over-ride the law is to entrust far too much power into his hands. We think that all who take an interest in Church matters would do well to purchase Mr. Sullivan's booklet.

FICTION

MISREPRESENTED DARTMOOR

The Beacon. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

It would be well, we believe, if Mr. Eden Phillpotts were to wait two or three years before he writes another novel of Dartmoor and its inhabitants, for there are not wanting signs that his point of view is becoming distorted. In his last story, "Demeter's Daughter," the heroine is drowned; her eldest son is a scamp; her second son is killed in South Africa, and her husband falls in love with another woman—a wintry affair altogether, as we remarked at the time. In the present book the heroine—if the word may be thus misused—decides to leave her husband and live with the patient, stage-managed strong man who has waited for the moment when life will send her to his arms; she goes to him, and he is murdered on the same night; his murderer soon after drowns himself. Another mis-married couple have their place in the tangle, and solve the difficulty in the unconventional method which in fiction seems rapidly becoming conventional; and so the weary round goes on, until we begin to think that the author must have conceived his plot while suffering from severe melancholia.

Why pile Mount Ossa upon Pelion, to scale the heights of disaster, in this sorry fashion? Why not give us a memorable idyll or two of Dartmoor, in the manner, shall we say, of "Under the Greenwood Tree"—for, knowing that heathery moorland as we do, we can reassure any readers who may be tempted to regard it as the black home of broken marriage vows, of men who are as the beast, of love that ends in misery, and misery that ends in suicide. Hearts of men and women beat as healthily and happily on Dartmoor's hills as elsewhere, and although there are tragedies

which must be immortal—such as "Tess"—Mr. Phillpotts has not yet the excuse of having written one on the grand scale, one to move the soul to its depths with an irresistible natural sympathy and pain.

Despite all this complaining, we must not convey the impression that "The Beacon" is a poor or an uninteresting book. It has many chapters which we would not willingly have missed, many characters who are the salt of the story with their quaint wisdom and their pungent conversations. Lizzie, the London barmaid, curiously drawn to take up her life under the shadow of Cosdon Beacon, has "notions." She marries Trevail, a weak man, and strives constantly to uplift him, to give him larger ideas, and to release him from the domination of his savage uncle; the tale of her efforts forms the main theme. She fails, and goes to Dunning, the waiting rival, on the very evening when her husband, unknown to her, has decided to free himself and to start life afresh with her on another part of the moor. Then comes the murder, and Trevail is under suspicion. It is difficult to find oneself in sympathy with any of the principal characters; but the secondary ones—Aunt Fanny, who plays the Greek chorus with her advice and comment, the various wiseacres of the district who gather and chatter in the bar of the Oxenham Arms—these are excellently drawn. "The Beacon" which so strongly attracts Lizzie and repels her husband, who is all for the comfortable valleys, is meant to play the same part as does Egdon Heath in "The Return of the Native"; but the magic is not here. Something is missing. Let Mr. Phillpotts discard his dark spectacles and take a pair that shall correct his astigmatism and show him pleasant lands and a healthy-minded people; then let him write about them, and we shall be surprised if he does not give us a novel of splendid Dartmoor that shall get near to the truth, close to humanity, and rank as a classic of the West Country which he is so thoroughly misrepresenting in his present mood.

Phœbe and Ernest. By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE. Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

THE authoress of "Phœbe and Ernest" has written a most amusing account of the home and school life of two youthful Americans who are brother and sister. We are introduced to Phœbe, who has just turned seventeen, on the day she first wears a long skirt. She is two years older than her brother Ernest, who is then in the hobbledehoy stage of adolescence, with a supreme contempt for girls. In matters of calf-love the American youth seems very much akin to his British cousin, as Ernest's behaviour, when he receives the first arrow from Cupid's bow, shows us:—

Ernest was sixteen, and for the first time in his life he had seen a girl when he looked at her. . . . As long as she was engaged with the front of the class Ernest's gaze adhered as closely to her as if it had been glued. But suddenly the big, black eyes darted up a whole row and pounced on Ernest. It was like having a pair of burning-glasses trained on him. Ernest's look sank like a plummet to his book. To his amazement, the type began to perform an intricate fancy dance. He tried in a blush that worked inward as well as outward. A clammy perspiration broke out all over him. His shoulders twitched, and he seemed to have no control over his mouth. He had never before known a sensation that was rapture and agony in equal parts. But the most perplexing part of it was that he liked it more than he loathed it.

Hitherto he had been careless of his personal appearance, but now he becomes the "mould of fashion" and the "glass

of form." Nevertheless Fay Faxon, with her "maverick members" (Yankee for curls of a sort), eloped with "a dreadful man, a summer boarder," from Akron in New Hampshire.

It is Phoebe, however, who is the ruling spirit in this entertaining book. She practically runs the Martin household "with a gaze of seraphic, star-eyed innocence." And even her brother, who, when in a hurry, "dove into his coat," admitted that "though a girl, Phoebe was almost human . . . and a crackerjack at tennis." We have to thank Inez Haynes Gillmore for a pleasant hour or two spent over these delightful sketches which so vividly portray the free-and-easy life of the American home, and which *inter alia* have enriched our vocabulary with such choice Americanisms (or are they Elizabethan English?) as "Mutt!" "I gussied up so for Minnie," "Hasn't she a corking figure?" "Sasshayed," "The stunt is to have everything on a level with the eye—search me why;" and many others. We would that the publishers had seen their way to add a glossary to the blank pages at the end of the volume, but we are grateful that they have not enriched the cover of the book with "a female of a winning blonde pulchritude smiling archly on the world at large," which is what they do in the States with "the month's best sellers." From the pictorial point of view, the illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz are attraction enough.

Our Guests. By ST. JOHN TREVOR. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

We have searched, and searched diligently, among the pages of Mr. Trevor's story for a "guest" who could be said in any possible way to be at least human, even if not interesting, but without success. The guests, so-called, are persons usually known as "paying," and in the present instance live, move, and have their being in a country-house known as the Chateau. There is a broken-down son of the nobility; a young coloured gentleman named Aboo from South Africa; a Mrs. Blunderall, who holds prayer-meetings for the benefit of the South African gentleman; to say nothing of an exceedingly rude person who goes under the name of Trimmer, and is described as "a business man;" and Mr. Croucher, who, when he is not riding part of a bicycle round the country, spends his time in digging potatoes. There is not a humorous passage in the book, unless Mr. Trimmer's remarks to Aboo are supposed to pass for such. "They've splashed the tar on *you* pretty thick, anyway," is the greeting extended to him by our business friend upon his introduction to Mrs. Blunderall's protégé; and when Aboo merely smiles by way of reply, he is met with "a very fine smile too; what's the price of ivory?"

On one occasion Mr. Croucher leaves his potato-patch and agrees to go for a cycle ride with Aboo, and the following is the way in which an accident to Mr. Croucher's machine is described:—

It became gradually afflicted with a sort of leprosy. It had locomotor ataxy down one side, and was partially paralysed on the other. The break got lockjaw, and the bearings developed acute appendicitis. Then the left pedal got housemaid's knee, the handle-bars had a dislocation of the umbilical cord, the seat contracted angina pectoris, the free-wheel suffered severely from rathumial argitis, till, in fact, every part seemed affected with some chronic and virulent ailment.

If this is the kind of fare we are to expect from works of fiction, we suppose that the only thing to do is to

turn to medical treatises in the hope of finding a little recreation.

One Ash: a Barn-door Story. By ALGERNON GISSING. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

No particular reason appears to be given why a girl like Linda Champion should ever have consented to marry such a crafty, suspicious, and mean man as Master Kench proved himself to be. Neither of them professed any semblance of love for the other, Kench's main idea apparently being that he was obtaining a capable woman whose "fortin be in her hands," and who was well able to take her position as a farmer's wife. Of course such a union could prove nothing but disastrous, and the reader is led through complications and situations which are often strained very near to breaking point. Linda is a noble woman who does her duty in that state of life in which she is placed; and although she ardently longs for a single ray of tender sympathy, she is "spiritually and physically incapable of approaching within the remotest glimpse of actual error," so that when temptation assails her in the offer of the protection of Dick Botherway, her husband's nephew, she entirely and resolutely refuses to listen to him. As a character-study of a man whose whole thoughts are bent upon laying up treasures upon earth, who is callous and tyrannical to a degree, and who regards his women-kind as beings specially sent to minister to his material comfort, Master Kench is exceedingly well pourtrayed. So also is Harriet, his daughter, a selfish and altogether most objectionable person, who is banished to take charge of "The Pothooks," a village inn, when Linda enters One Ash as its mistress. The book ends amid the peal of marriage bells, this time solemnising the nuptials of Dick with his cousin Harriet—another union which, having regard for the dispositions of the parties concerned, to say nothing of their great desire to be "even" with each other, can scarcely be expected to prove a happy one. However, we suppose that if all had gone smoothly there would have been no need to write the story, and we should then have missed the pleasant hour or so which has been devoted to its perusal.

The Silver Shamrock. By CAPTAIN HENRY CURTIES. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS" should be the motto of the gallant captain's namby-pamby, lachrymose story. When Violet, the heroine, is not bursting into tears, Mr. Duncasson, "the head of the Society of the Silver Shamrock," is burying his face in his hands and sobbing. Such moments of weakness, and they are by no means few and far between, spoil a story which, improbable as it undoubtedly is, depends for success on taut nerves and rapid action. The osculatory performances of Harold, the hero, are quite as irritating, and what might and should have been a virile account of mysterious plots and counterplots becomes no more than a feeble sentimental tale with a few exciting incidents thrown in. As a pourtrayer of the tenderer emotions Captain Curties does not shine, and he certainly makes Violet as yielding and silly a girl as could be. He is more at home when dealing with revolvers, knives, and anarchist bombs, and shows some knowledge of English high and low life, and also of "le continong," though his French is at times faulty. The Silver Shamrock on this occasion has nothing to do with Ireland; it is the symbol of a society, formed in the days of Napoleon I., which "takes charge of the whole of the private fortunes of kings and their relatives," and further protects them against anarchism and assassination. No tear-shedding weakling could successfully direct such a gigantic undertaking.

THE THEATRE

THE SPRING SEASON OF 1911

WHILE nearly all the leading theatres are preparing to face a new season, it will be interesting to make a sort of summary of what they have achieved in the one that is over. At a first leap, in the spirit of pessimistic irritation into which the London manager drives the enthusiast by his invertebrate methods and utter ignorance of his business, it might be said that the Spring season has achieved nothing, that it has given yet another striking proof of the dire need for theatre reconstruction. So far as the productions of London managers are concerned, with one or two exceptions, such a statement can be made. Whatever good there has been in the season that is now over is due to outside managers and—if the term may be used—to alien companies; and it will be remembered, and gratefully remembered, simply for the admirable and imaginative work of the Irish and Scottish players. The former, at the Court Theatre, with no blatant flourish of trumpets, and without the assistance of elaborate scenery and effects, made something of a sensation. Not for many a year have London playgoers seen acting so true, so sincere, so strong or so humorous, or plays so poetic, so human, so atmospheric or so simple. The Irish players drew all intellectual people to Sloane Square not once, but many times, and achieved, we are glad to know, infinitely more than a great artistic success. It is much to be hoped that they will continue to pay a yearly visit to London, and so provide those people who have not yet been forced by the reiteration of foolish plays and inexpert actors to desert the Theatre with plays and acting which satisfy their requirements. Of the Scottish players, their plays and methods, less has been seen, but in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," first produced as an experiment to an invited audience, they showed themselves to be to English acting what the sea is to the Serpentine—fresh, alive, spontaneous, irresistible.

Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Gerald Du Maurier are the only London managers who have done anything which deserves to be remembered. The former did well with Mr. A. E. W. Mason's play "The Witness for the Defence." Because Mr. Mason is not a dramatist his play was worth seeing. As a novelist he was careful to look to his story, and that was the only thing that mattered. Had he been a practised playwright he would, in all probability, have expertised most of the sincerity and ingenuousness that was so pleasant out of the play, and left it a mere machine-made thing, a Sutro affair, something a long way after the master-machinist Sardou. Miss Ethel Irving did admirable work in this play, and Mr. Alfred Bishop was altogether delightful. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, with wisdom quite foreign to his profession, chose a play for its own sake, and not because he could exploit himself in a showy part. In selecting it he paid no consideration at all to the sort of thing he knew very well would be written of it by the ordinary penny-a-line critics. They wrote of it as sentimental. They scoffed at the long arm of coincidence, which, as a matter of fact, never entered into it. "Passers By" is the one really charming entertainment of the season, and Mr. Haddon Chambers is to be congratulated on the excellence of his character-drawing, the simplicity and point of his dialogue, and the freshness of his ideas.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey just managed to run through the season, but with a very feeble and uninteresting adaptation of a very nearly as feeble and uninteresting French play. Mr. Hawtrey must really make up his mind at last to take up a fresh part. We have had all we can bear of the

inveterate liar with the all too tight coat and lavender tie. Mr. Cyril Maude has not done well. He frequently sees fun in what is to an audience dreadfully banal and foolish. "A Single Man" was dragged into a hundred nights, but Mr. Hubert Henry Davies must be a little more careful in future. The most charming play which Mr. Maude has found for years was Mr. L. N. Parker's "Pomander Walk." How injudicious it was to have put it on at the fag-end of the season, in the hottest weather of the year, has been proved from the fact that it only ran a few weeks. We see that Mr. Maude is to do a new version of "Rip van Winkle." Who is to play Rip? There is no Fred Leslie nowadays. Rip is not a comic little gentleman, all over make-up. It is certainly far more in the way of Mr. Martin Harvey.

Mr. J. E. Vedrenne and Mr. Dennis Eadie made an unfortunate start at the Royalty Theatre with Mr. Jerome's play, "The Master of Mrs. Chilvers." They would have had a success had it been written by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in his lightest mood. Having failed to attract with this piece, which was, at any rate, made to resemble a sovereign, they lost their heads, and asked a sophisticated London audience to accept a handful of small change. Their second attempt shut the theatre, which has been let for the autumn to Miss Marie Tempest. It will be interesting to see whether this bright little actress will succeed in drawing a public away from the lights. Mrs. Patrick Campbell once did very well at the Royalty Theatre with "Magda," an admirable revival of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith," and Mr. Frank Harris's daring piece, "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry." She was, however, supported by such actors as Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, Mr. Fernandez, and Mr. Arliss.

Mr. Charles Frohman, who has always aimed at breaking records, achieved an epoch-making series of failures at the London theatres which are under his control. Mr. Somerset Maugham's cynicism found no sympathisers at the Duke of York's, and Sir Arthur Pinero's warped conception of human nature angered people who went to the Comedy Theatre. The latter play, "Preserving Mr. Panmure," had nothing in its favour except really wonderful stage-craft. At the Globe Theatre Mr. Frohman was on sharing terms with Mr. Lewis Waller. Their first production, "Bardelys the Magnificent," was a poor, pretentious thing, in which all characters were marionettes. Their second was "A Butterfly on the Wheel," and, because it contained one good act, ran something over a hundred nights. Like Mr. Hemmerde's other play, "The Crucible," in which, as in "A Butterfly on the Wheel," he was joined in authorship by Mr. Francis Neilson, it was crude, amateurish, and stagey. The dialogue was the sort of thing that is written by the authors of halfpenny novels and Mr. Garvice, and it was only rendered possible by the carefully-chosen company of finished actors and actresses. Without them, not even the exciting Court scene would have saved the play.

Mr. Fred Terry produced a vulgarised version of a celebrated French novel in which he gave an extremely able and interesting performance and one moment of exquisite feeling. "The Popinjay" was valuable for nothing else. "Kismet" is a success of scenery and suggestion, and in spite of the utterly un-Oriental acting and appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche. It owes everything to "Sumurun." "Fanny's First Play" has brought prosperity to the Little Theatre. As a finished example of strenuous freakishness it is without comparison. It contains many amazing moments, much smart dialogue, some superb characterisation, and it is played to perfection. Miss Dorothy Minto's performance is an unforgettable thing. Miss Lillah McCarthy deserves success. She is a fine, sincere actress, and a courageous woman. Everything she does is infinitely better than the thing she did last. There

is no question whatever as to the fact that Miss McCarthy is the best actress on the London stage, far and away.

In coming to the work of the Haymarket Theatre there have to be recorded the productions of two total and inevitable failures and a sort of success. The latter, "Lady Patricia," was a very amusing, polished, mechanical play of the "Importance of Being Earnest" school. It was delightfully well played and staged. In it Mrs. Patrick Campbell burlesqued herself in a manner which must have made Mr. Péliéssier envious. All the same, her methods puzzled and even annoyed those of the British public to whom Mrs. Campbell is a stranger socially, and told against the play. Of the two failures, the first—"All that Matters," by Mr. Charles McEvoy—contained several scenes of rich comedy and some really excellent characterisation, but the three leading parts were sadly miscast. Miss Neilson-Terry made the country girl one who obviously stepped out of a bad school of acting. She was terribly self-conscious, theatrical, and unnatural. Mr. Norman Trevor was flat and uninteresting, and Mr. Lyall Swete unwittingly comic. Of "Above Suspicion" nothing favourable can be written.

Mr. Laurence Irving made two brave attempts to capture success. In his choice of plays he went from one extreme to the other. "The Lily," which was intensely interesting and strong, was too problematic and foreign for ordinary English consumption. Mr. Irving achieved a notable personal success in this play, and astonished even those who believe in him most. "Margaret Catchpole" was a *tour de force*, and but for the sudden hot weather would have developed into a financial success. It cannot be long before Mr. Laurence Irving occupies a permanent place in a London theatre.

His Majesty's Theatre continued to "present" revivals of Shakespeare's plays. After the much-talked-of representation of Henry VIII. Sir Herbert Tree gave "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," and "Julius Cæsar," in all of which Mr. Arthur Bourchier was exploited, being amazingly miscast always. The Gala Performance at His Majesty's was memorable, and has already been fully described in these columns.

THE FIRST ENGLISH EDITOR

HINGHAM is an important village in Norfolk, which possesses a remarkably fine old parish church, and its Vicar during the greater part of the first half of the seventeenth century was the Rev. Robert Pecke, or Peck, according to the somewhat confused spelling of the times. The Peckes of Norfolk were an influential family, for the most part Royalists, but Robert Pecke was an obstinate Puritan, who had for years been in trouble with his Bishop; so that when Matthew Wren, uncle to the famous Sir Christopher and one of Laud's most uncompromising supporters, was appointed to the See of Norwich, strife between the two was a foregone conclusion.

The Bishop at first carried everything before him. When he ordered the Communion-table in Hingham Church to be removed to the chancel and to be railed in, the Vicar, mindful of his own previous convictions for nonconformity in 1615, 1617, and 1622, at once signified his willingness to obey, and the Communion-table was placed at the east end of the church accordingly. But when the report came to the Bishop that the Vicar, in order to testify his personal disrespect for the "altar" thus made, had not only torn up the floor of the chancel, utterly wrecking all the monuments, but had also levelled it below the level of the body of the church in order to render the Communion-table invisible, his wrath was great. Robert Pecke then was prosecuted for his

vandalism and had to flee to New England, where he founded the town of Hingham, near Boston, Massachusetts. For the moment victory remained with the Bishop, though the parishioners refused to pay their tithes to the Curate-in-Charge when Pecke's living was sequestrated.

Robert Pecke had three sons—Samuel, Thomas, and Joseph—and a daughter named Anne, who married Captain John M. Seabrooks. Samuel had been apprenticed to a scrivener, perhaps partly with a view to having some one in the family with a knowledge of the law; for litigation was an expensive matter in the seventeenth century, as no doubt the Vicar of Hingham had found out, and a scrivener, or "writer of the Court letter," had to spend seven years in the study of the law before he was permitted to draw up the wills or deeds of his clients.

Just out of his apprenticeship indentures when his father fled to New England, probably with little or no means owing to the ruin of the family fortunes, and, like all other Puritans of the time, with his hopes fixed on the newly-met Long Parliament as the avenger of his cause, Samuel Pecke took steps to place himself in a position calculated to render his New England friends good service. He rented a stall in Westminster Hall and was thus able to let his friends know from first-hand information how affairs progressed at home.

We do not know much about the occupants of the stalls in Westminster Hall, save that they were booksellers as a rule, and that their little shops were sandwiched in between the Courts of Law which sat round the hall. Bold Boughey, warden of the Fleet Prison, received their rents as a perquisite of his office, but only two of his tenants are known to us apart from Pecke. Both were booksellers who printed their names on their pamphlets: Thomas Banks "at the sign of the Seal in Westminster Hall," and a "fat old woman," called Mrs. Breach, who carried on business "at the foot of the stone-stairs going up to the Court of Requests." Mrs. Breach must have seen many stirring sights in her time. She was still at her place in the hall at the end of the reign of Charles II., when she was prosecuted for selling a seditious pamphlet.

Up to the year 1641 no "news-book"—or pamphlet of domestic news—had been periodically issued in England. Archer, Nathaniel Butter, and others had issued periodicals called "currantoes," but these were simply translations from foreign sources, and had no connection with home affairs. Pecke, therefore, at first confined himself to one of the ordinary ways in which a scrivener supplemented his income. He wrote "newsletters"—an occupation in which, so we are told, he might earn as much as fifteen shillings a week (about £3 of our money). At the same time, he appears to have acquired the newly-invented art of "short-writing"; probably practising it in taking down the speeches of the House of Commons. To this we owe our modern newspapers, for the debates waxed fast and furious, and everyone was anxious to know what was being said in the House.

Pecke's opportunity came with the abolition of the Star Chamber in June, 1641. With the Star Chamber went the whole system of licensing, and instead of seeking the permission of the licensees (who most assuredly would have refused it), Pecke was at once able to obtain the authority of Parliament to print the speeches which he had taken down. Accordingly, in the same month, Pecke published a bulky volume, entitled "Speeches and passages of this Great and Happy Parliament from the third of June 1640 to this instant June 1641. Collected into one volume according to the most perfect originals exactly published. Printed for William Cooke," &c. Five months later he published a second volume, entitled "The Diurnall Occurrences; or, Dayly Proceedings of both Houses in this Great and Happy Parliament from the 3rd of Nov. 1640 to the 3rd of Nov. 1641," also printed for the book-

seller Cooke. The success of these was evidently great, for when, in the same month of November, 1641, the Irish broke out into open rebellion, general permission was given by Parliament to publish its "Diurnall Occurrences" weekly, and Pecke's little pamphlets flew all over the kingdom in lieu of his newsletters. Of course he at once had competitors enough and to spare, so that the various pamphlets of "Diurnall Occurrences" at the commencement of 1642 will be found to differ in the most extraordinary manner. So Pecke hit upon the idea of calling his "newsbook" the "Perfect Diurnall"—a title in the end recognised to be his only. The "Perfect Diurnall" survived, with varying fortunes, until Cromwell suppressed the whole of the licensed Press in September, 1655, in favour of his own official bi-weekly, written by Marchamont Nedham. In this way Pecke's little pamphlet, at first of eight and afterwards of sixteen pages quarto, became the ancestor of the great sheets we now buy for a penny or a halfpenny.

The journalist's lot in the days of the Great Rebellion was not a happy one. He was liberally abused by everybody, including his own side, and the slightest freedom in criticising the actions of Parliament met with prompt punishment. Samuel Pecke, Father of the Press, was twice imprisoned, and the little we know of him can only be gathered from the abuse of opponents. Nevertheless, one such enemy, the Rev. Samuel Sheppard, Royalist poet and journalist, passed one word of encomium upon him which deserves to be recorded to the honour of both. Writing in 1652, Sheppard says of Pecke. He is "no doubt of the humour of the Samseans in Epiphanus, who were neither Jews nor Gentiles nor Christians, but preserved a commodious correspondency with all. He is very impartial in his intelligence, which shall save him from further castigation." These remarks, for the times, were very high praise indeed. It is only fair to add that Pecke, as a rule, will be found to be truthful when his competitors on the same side manifestly were not.

The Rev. Robert Pecke returned to Hingham somewhere about the year 1644. He did not survive to see the return in triumph at the Restoration of his old enemy Bishop Wren (after twenty years' imprisonment in the Tower), but died about the commencement of April, 1658. Samuel Pecke was his executor and principal legatee, and, no doubt, also ended his days in peace at Hingham.

J. B. W.

EIGHTY IN THE SHADE

We have had an old-fashioned summer. How often during the last few sun-starved years has the lament gone up that the seasons are not as they used to be when we were young. That assertion and its sequel remind one of Leech's reply to a complainant that *Punch* was not as good as it used to be: "It never has been." The summers of the two years of Victorian Jubilee and that of the marriage year of the King were very similar to this present summer of the Coronation. The sun has lately given us a rare taste of his quality. We have had spells of tropical heat that have well-nigh broken the record. Already in the early days of August the dry leaves come pattering down in clouds; the horse-chestnut is turning rusty; and even the bracken begins to look played out. The blossom of that glorious weed the great convolvulus begins to assert itself like the modern Teuton. It reminds us that we are drawing on toward the fringe of autumn.

He who has not seen tropical forest trees half-smothered in the embrace of their attendant creepers can have little conception of the meaning of the phrase "the struggle for existence." The great convolvulus, clutching and seeking to

strangle any living tissue which blocks its way, is perhaps our nearest approach to those villainous weeds which the tropical tree nurseries in their youth, protects from the fierce heat of a point-blank sun, and which later in the season reward their protector by a hug more deadly than that of an anaconda or a grizzly. The struggle of most living things as we see them in the Tropics is for light and air. When streams of heat quiver across our line of vision, the dog will coil up in the hottest corner he can find and absorb as much of the actinic force as he may. A healthy child will do the same. He will bask and bathe in the sunlight, and rejoice in its abounding sense of growth. "Dogs and Englishmen," say the Mexicans, "walk in the sun."

It would be a curious study to trace the special physical conditions of night-haunting creatures. The bat is a survival of vast tribes of extinct forms. Did the earth-environment of his remote ancestors in the dim Mesozoic Ages foster a habit which still persists? The race of the owl, again, has physical differences which separate it from all other birds. Night-prowlers of the day and the beasts of prey which stalk them are, perchance, relics of a cosmic story that is told. The primitive forests of the world are shrinking fast. Vast areas of the New World since it has come under the ken of the Old—and that is not time enough for turning over a page of the world's story—have lost their covering of impenetrable vegetation. Before Man came on the scene, with his restless inquisition, the only causes that could start a forest fire would be lightning or earthquake. Now hundreds of square miles of forest are mown down every year as the result of artificial fires.

Locked in the dim recesses of primitive twilit forestways, we may be certain that life-types lived and moved—the hunter and hunted. Did they pass on the trick of shunning the light of day to night-wandering creatures of our time? The lion and tiger and other skulking foes of vegetable-feeding animals in this respect have grown amphibian. They prefer the dusk and the dark, but they do not dread the light, as does the veritable night-prowler or the underground digger. It might be worth the while of some leisured naturalist to follow up our trail of a possible clue. The human tribes who frequent great tropical forests are wanting in vivacity and the sense of humour. Even so the nightgoing world of animal life is shrinking—we had almost written anaemic. The jackdaw and the dog have a sense of fun; the owl and the iguana no trace of it. If present animal life-types reflex earth-conditions which have disappeared, an investigation of our point might lead to a truer conception of what the surface of this earth was like when hidden in the dark womb of time. We hear guesses of Mars as a planet screened in ruddy foliage. Was the earth once close-mantled in green, save where rivers and oceans flowed?

The genus *Salenia* of sea urchins was a few years ago believed to have died out in Cretaceous days, the only trace of a later date being *Acrosalenia* of the London clay. When dredging off Cape St. Vincent, at a depth of about two miles, and of course thus in Cimmerian darkness, *Salenia varispina* was brought up still flourishing in the dredges of the Challenger Expedition. The cousins several times removed of many a chalk fossil still haunt the bed of the Atlantic Ocean.

We all read and re-read with perpetual delight Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." Is the Pythagorean basis of his creed mere chimera? Surely not. Shelley, with sublime inconsistency, wove its root-idea into imperishable verse, for it is—

That sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove,
By man and beast and earth and air and sea
Burns bright or dim.

As we look across the mellowing ranks of corn, or listen to the sigh of summer breezes whispering in the glades of a forest, or gaze on the ineffable glory of sunrise kindling a waste of waters, we know that no dead hand has twisted the strands of intelligent life. "Lift the stone and thou shalt find Me. Cleave the tree and I am there." Life is an unrolling drama, the acts of which are supreme world-moulding forces. In its scenes men and women are merely players. We can never shake ourselves free of the environment of all our yesterdays.

We are justly proud of the record of our race. It has grown "dominant over sea and land." If we learn to rely upon the shows of things, grow artificial, shallow, materialistic, then the knell of our decadence will surely sound. History is but the story of empires that have been swept off the board. The German Emperor believes himself inspired by a higher Power. If he can imbue a due proportion of the German nation with his conviction, that nation, if and when it acts within the bounds of equity, will doubtless reach its destined goal. But to what is the Prussian race, at any rate, tending? It is a race trained and cultured to a high degree, instinct with patriotism, imbued with a sense of swaggering ill-sufficiency, ready to trample down any obstacle in the way of its material aggrandisement. It has grown materialistic to the core, and in that lies its Nemesis, for no nation has achieved, or ever will achieve, permanent success which is wanting in idealism. This is the spring and fountain of all that is great in men and peoples. It was this, perhaps, in a perverted form, which enabled Napoleon almost to grasp the sovereignty of the world. The light of idealism waned, he fell, and his house of cards fell with him. By idealism Cromwell trampled first on the wrongs then on the rights of England; Havelock swept across India like an avenging hurricane; Gordon held China in the hollow of his hand.

Statesmen may labour to build up systems and devise codes. Their petty parchment bonds will be interred with their bones if they fail to embody equity and honesty of purpose and a higher standard than mere material gain to themselves or the nation they profess to serve.

THE BARRENDERO

In and out of the creeks of the Pasig River are floating a number of nipa-bancas—small barges piled high with nipa palms, of which unsubstantial material the native builds his frail shacks. This is the "fire-season" in Manila.

Fires here are not like those at home. They are not generally confined to the quarter in which they commence, but sweep whole districts clean, so that the most strenuous efforts on the part of the Fire Service—and any ready helpers—can but somewhat check the progress of the flames. I have said "somewhat," for well the people in Manila know that doomed houses, when built of nipa, are usually left to their fate—a swift and final one, and all endeavours are concentrated upon the extinction of any objects that may form fuel for the blaze, and the pulling down of intervening shacks, clearing of the ground before the oncoming conflagration.

At the first alarm, even as the engines are upon the scene—(within a few minutes)—the work of demolition is begun. The neighbouring roads are crowded with natives,—men, women, and children—all carrying bundles of their household goods. Here we meet a wee boy, a saucepan flung over his shoulder almost as big as himself; a bigger boy carries a sack of clothing in his arms, and tears of fear and weariness run down his small, brown face unchecked, in all probability unnoticed. Behind will follow the mother of

the family, maybe two smaller children clinging to her skirts and a baby tied across her back. Some secure native rigs and caramatas upon which they pile their valued possessions, ready for instant flight at the approach of the fire.

Such scenes are common enough in Manila during this time of the year, when, on an average, three or four fires are notified in a single day. The rapidity with which these conflagrations are started and are over is scarcely credible. Under two hours a small village will be burnt out, nothing being left to mark the cause of the disaster but a few charred poles and heaps of ashes, with perhaps a single house left standing here and there, witness to the vagaries of the winds and flames in that vast field of desolation. For these solitary buildings only accentuate the misery of the scene and enforce upon our notice the ruined space about them.

In a previous article we have seen that the Americans are doing their utmost to protect the city against these recurring fires. Within a certain district nipa-shacks are forbidden to be built. As these houses fall into disrepair, or become otherwise uninhabitable, strong and securer dwellings are put up under more sanitary conditions. But there still remain too many of the old nipa-huts, and where they are, the chance of resistance in the case of fire is small indeed. At the first spark of flame they are gone, burnt out like a box of matches, and nothing on earth can save them from total destruction. During the last nineteen hours seven fires have taken place in the city, and the suspicions of the authorities have been fully awakened. It is possible that the general excitement prevalent, the atmosphere of expectation, hurry, and danger has acted unhealthily upon morbid minds. Oil-soaked rags have been found in several houses; but it has been proved in one or two cases that such attempts to start new fires have been made by those who are mentally weak rather than with criminal instinct.

Again, it is declared that some of the houses are set on fire by the owners themselves, or by enemies who take this opportunity of revenge as least likely to meet with retribution at the hands of the law. Kill in the open they dare not, but a fire is another matter. Who can say how a fire is started in an empty shack? The family are taking their afternoon siesta, or have left their house to attend mass, leaving the prescribed light burning before the altars of their favourite patron saints. What so dangerous as this unprotected light in a deserted house?

But fires are become so common that they are treated by many almost with indifference. The attitude of Stoic calm in the homeless ones is indeed wonderful. By the bounty of the Government and other big institutions they are fed, whilst accommodation is generally found for them in a neighbouring church or barn. There they are huddled until they can set about putting their fragile homes together again.

Once again the nipa-palms are demanded; the vendors have brought them to the walls of the city, and their provision is not in vain. It is a difficult question, this building of the nipa-shack. Nothing can quite take its place in this country. It is an excellent roofing, cool, cheap, and in every way suitable for the needs of the people. And yet it has this one great danger of extreme inflammability. What are the authorities to do? It has been suggested that they would like to see every nipa-shack burnt to the ground, and that the fires are started at their instigation, but the sensible can afford to dismiss such rumours as malicious and utterly without foundation. Let us instead give them credit for doing their best in a situation bristling with difficulties; in certain districts they have forbidden the rebuilding of nipa dwellings, and are making every possible endeavour to prevent the extension of fires and to capture those who are, maliciously or otherwise, responsible for their origin. They

are doing their best, let the landlords and the people come to their assistance now. Let the landlords refuse to build any more houses of such inflammable description, let the people show greater care in protecting their property, and much trouble and loss will be saved this city.

Yesterday I could look across a well-covered area, dotted over with the dwellings of the people, busy with native women and children, intent on their morning tasks, alive with the clatter of their tongues and the crowing of the favourite rooster. To-day there is silence. The trees are charred and blackened, piles of scorched wood are strewn upon the ground. In some places there is nothing save the earth itself, broken and burnt by the hungry flames. This is all that remains of a once populous district.

And the hot sun shines over the Pasig river, and the skies are clear and blue again after the reddened and smoky haze that clung to it the day before. It is clear and fresh and sweet; in the air is the scent of flowers from the wonderful medicine tree, and the breeze sweeps unobstructed across the charred plains. But the barges, piled high with nipa, are drawn up to the banks of the *estera* very close. They are ready, and they will be wanted very soon now.

THE NEW DECADE

A CASUAL SURVEY of the condition of the arts in this country at the present day, in contrast to that of twenty years ago, would seem to provide small foundation for a jeremiad. England has emerged, during the last two decades, from the slough of Victorian mediocrity—a morass which engulfed all save a few great spirits. The drama is gradually shaking off the toils of the bad playwright and the worse actor; the Impressionists, despite their excesses, have broken the back of the Still Lifeless school of painting; the heights of Wagnerian music have been scaled; Meredith and Hardy have come into their own after long exile (with due respect to those public libraries in the provinces which have placed "Jude the Obscure" on the Index!), whilst Mr. Yeats and his companions in the Irish literary renaissance have infused a new vitality into Poetry, and reclothed it in its ancient beauty. Admittedly, the sight of the new Museum building at South Kensington, or of the Victoria Memorial, reflects small glory on the sister arts of sculpture and architecture. But then one cannot have everything. Certain it is, says our casual observer, that the arts are cherished to an extent which would cause considerable uneasiness to the typical sturdy, but stupid, Englishman of fifty years ago, could that worthy person revisit the glimpses of the moon. Culture is in the ascendant nationally, say our optimists, and if we have not yet succeeded in rediscovering the age of gold, we are, without doubt, questing in the right direction. They bid us take note of the young generation, which struts before the sun clad in the glittering habiliments of culture, girt round with courage and helmed with shining thought. The spectacle is inspiring. Alas! to one who, undazzled by the accoutrements of the heir of the English ages, ventures to examine them at reasonably close quarters, it is plain that the old saw concerning glittering substances is justified once more. Neither in regal gold, nor in chaste silver, nor in honest steel does the young generation disport itself, but in nickel plate.

We are living, as certain Radical politicians are never tired of telling us, in an age of transition. The nation, we are assured, is now in the throes of a revolution in thought which will, ere long, usher in the golden age of Socialism—though, in our opinion, the connection between Communism and the Stone Age could be more easily demon-

strated. The great majority of the working classes, who (not being members of trade unions) must be convinced rather than dragooned into support of the Marxian gospel, have turned a deaf ear to the apostles of Socialism. As a result, the latter are wearying of the task of enlightening the lower orders, and are transferring their attentions to the "thoughtful" section of the middle and lower-middle classes, convinced that it is with these standard-bearers of the younger generation that their hopes of success must ultimately rest. This view may prove as mistaken as that of the Socialist agitator of the eighties, to whom the proletariat was the *hortus inclusus* in which alone Socialism would take root and flower. As this faith in our young "intellectuals" is not confined to the Socialists, however, a cursory analysis of their credentials will not be amiss.

The "intellectual" young man, as becomes a self-elected member of the new *samurai* caste, marks himself off from the herd sartorially. He not infrequently garbs himself in aggressive tweeds and wears a cloth hat of indeterminate shape, or goes hatless to the four-and-forty winds of heaven. As an additional means of instilling terror into the hearts of his imaginary foes he is prone to entrench himself behind *pince-nez*, through which he glares defiance of conventions and creeds. But tweeds or no tweeds, hat or no hat, *pince-nez* or naked een, he never forgets Ibsen's dictum: one should never put on one's best trousers when one goes out to battle for freedom. To this end he will even don knickerbockers.

The young "intellectual" of the fair sex is less easily recognisable from her outward appearance. She has learned from the mistakes of the happily-defunct New Woman that the advantages to be derived from an approximation to masculine attire are considerably outweighed by the disadvantages—a fact of which her female ancestors of a thousand years ago were fully cognisant. She rarely indulges in the potato-sack for soaring souls, preferring to take her gowns from Bond-street, even though she derives her ideas from Balham. The charm of her femininity is broken, however, when conversation begins. Yet it is possible that, though the dear creature carries her soul in her eyes, and a perfect swarm of bees in her bonnet, her heart is in the right place. The fact that she professes a profound contempt for that organ tends to confirm this supposition.

The subjects of conversation among our "intellectuals" of both sexes are well-nigh unlimited, although this cannot be said of their comprehension thereof. Should you be of a gambling nature, it is safe to wager that before you have conversed for ten minutes with the average adherent of the new "culture" (who would, by the way, promptly deny that he or she was "average") the name of Friedrich Nietzsche will be flung in your teeth. True, they refer to the German philologist as "Nitshi," but they are terribly in earnest about him, nevertheless. His name is ever on their tongues. Not to have read "Also sprach Zarathustra" (with which, fortunately, they rarely have more than a nodding acquaintance) is to place oneself beyond the pale of polite "intellectual" conversation. Ignorant of his claims to be regarded as a poet, claims by no means negligible, they insist on his greatness as a philosopher. Needless to say, the attempt to extract anything approaching to a concrete philosophy from his writings has proved a difficult task. These neo-Nietzscheans, not taking kindly to difficulties of this description, have consequently adopted the easier method of fathering upon the "master" the farrago of half-baked ideas which fill to overflowing their own "advanced" intellects. Where Nietzsche fails them in this respect, Mr. G. B. Shaw is requisitioned to give countenance to the outpourings of their precious egos. When neither the Irishman nor the German can be pressed into service, recourse is had to the inevitable Ibsen. Whether these three writers, who, with

all their shortcomings, are not mere posturing apes, deserve such treatment at the hands of their would-be disciples is a moot point.

Yet even this intellectual triumvirate is sometimes incapable of supplying the needs of our pseudo-intellectuals. In the case of an apparently brand-new idea, however, its very novelty is relied upon to secure it a place in the patch-work *credo* of "advanced" thought. Thus, eugenics, which is, at the most, but an embryo science, is hastily acclaimed. Scores of "intellectual aristocrats," pallid and purposeful young people for the most part, meet in little groups to discuss, with an impudence as colossal as it is well meaning, the laws that shall regulate the procreative tendencies of the human herd—themselves excepted. One would imagine that these half-fledged reformers, many of whom seriously regard themselves as the natural progenitors of that rather tiresome person the Superman, would begin their charity at home so far as State-regulated breeding is concerned.

Eugenics, of course, is only one of the many problems which engage the activities of these leaders of the young generation. Their sole aim in life is to be regarded as "advanced"—a term which, stripped of all disguise, means simply to be different. Thus it is that these cults are constantly engaged in a frantic adhesion to outworn heresies and out-moded ideas which, recurring after long cycles of neglect, are hailed as new and original, and therefore (such is the mentality of these intellectual giants) worthy to be believed. They must be considered advanced at all costs, or they perish.

Bearing this in mind, it is easy to see that it will not be long before their present gods are dethroned. Ibsen is already coming to be tolerated, rather than revered as of yore, though Nietzsche is possibly good for another ten years' run. Mr. Shaw is in hourly danger of being voted a "back number" by some enterprising youth, not because his pronouncements are less defensible, or indefensible, than they were, but solely because "everybody reads Shaw nowadays," as one tweed-clad but disgusted individual remarked to the writer. This phenomenon covers the secret weakness of the "intellectual aristocrat." He, like all braggarts, is essentially a coward. The "advanced" young person lives in constant fear lest he should wake to find that the Philistines—*i.e.*, those members of the community outside his own select group of egomaniacs—have invaded his camp. He does not believe in the ideas which he champions so loudly, and dare not risk his reputation as an "advanced" thinker by advocating any single one of them once it has ceased to be denounced by the Philistines aforesaid. Were he transported to the Middle Ages, where he would find so many of his ideas in full bloom amongst the various sects of heretics, he would die of very shame.

How far, then, are these *pseudo-intellectuals* of ours a danger? The question is not easily answered, so incalculable are the results of folly. It should not be forgotten, however, that though they have constituted themselves the standard-bearers of the new generation of Englishmen, the great bulk of our young men have not accepted their leadership. One cannot but regard this as fortunate, since, beyond a vague desire for what W. L. Henley termed "the dominion of the common Fool," they have no idea as to their ultimate goal. "Carried about by every wind of doctrine," provided it be sufficiently *bizarre*, they are possessed of a childish desire to shock people, not into thinking, but into talking—about them, for preference. Having appointed themselves the arbiters of the arts and sciences, of religion and morals, they proclaim themselves the foes of convention in strident tones, though mentally incapable of distinguishing between necessary conventions and those no longer necessary. This pose of fearless iconoclasm, which veils an idolatry far from fearless, undoubtedly impresses the looker-on. But if one

continues to look on for a sufficient time, one discovers the essential vacuity of the whole game.

The only danger, perhaps—a danger remote, but not quite negligible—is that the antics of these acrobats of the intellect may be taken seriously. We have, peradventure, been misled by the vagaries of the late Victorian aesthetes into thinking that decadence is evidenced only by flowing ties and green carnations. The decadents of our day are of a different stamp, but it is questionable whether an insanely excessive devotion to sensuous beauty is more harmful to the race as a whole than the present craze for intellectual novelty at the expense of intellectual integrity.

C. W.

THE TOILS OF THOUGHT

HAMLET! The very word has become a symbol through the earth of the perplexity that holds the deed suspended in the thought. Yet no brow-furrowed, prematurely-wise student was the Prince of Denmark. How he trod the marshes of thought, in chase of a will-o'-the-wisp seen from afar yet never attainable, is the world's wonder: the world's enrichment, moreover, for in his sedgy journey he sprung on truths that have passed to apothegms. But this was not always so. He had not always been lost in his thought's mazy intricacy. It was the impact of circumstance on a rich and engaging personality that produced so dire a result—a result that was itself the tragedy, and to which the ensuing death was but the relief of sorrow.

Let it not be forgotten whose son he was. It was no filial tenderness that made the son compare the father to the usurping uncle as "Hyperion to a satyr." It is Horatio who speaks of "that fair and warlike form in which the majesty of buried Denmark did sometimes march;" and who remembers the supreme gesture with which "when, in an angry parl, he smote the sledged Polacks on the ice." It is Horatio who recalls the single combat old Denmark undertook under challenge from Fortinbras; and its glorious conclusion. It was a king of men that Hamlet had for father; and he was a very son of his. His swift and prompt action in the matter of the pirates; the manner and command that found him ready acceptance with those lawless souls; the calm, superior contempt of his manner to Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Polonius: all much resemble his father's treatment of the "sledded Polacks on the ice." The Ghost's tribute to him of a "noble youth" was not wanted for us to realise that this was a man of kingly proportions, replete with the qualities of courage, to whom nobility was an instinct, and chivalry the natural breath of his mind.

Hear him as he greets Horatio! Horatio bids him know that he is his "poor servant ever." "Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you," is his response. Which is indicative of much. For it is only the natural lords of men that can dispense with titular honours, even as it is only the pusillanimous of soul that cleave to them. He stands on false ceremony with none; he is courteous and gracious to all. He asserts his dignity with none; if it is there it will assert itself, fitly and sweetly. It is his brightest lustre that he is the touchstone for the Court of Denmark; the honest approve themselves in their love of him, the dishonest in their hate of him. He is upright and of highest integrity; but this is no achievement of his—it is his natural garment; it is more, it is himself. Yet he is aware of it, and justly proud of it. "I am myself indifferent honest," says he, and, so subtle is psychology, accuses himself of faults that the more enhance the beauty of his soul. In the very grapple of death he shrinks at leaving behind him a "wounded

name." Ophelia did well to call him "noble minded," "The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword; the expectancy and rose of the fair State."

No naturally vacillating mind was his. He wore greatness as a natural habit; and it was a greatness that could turn to the importunity of occasion with answering deed, if need be. But on the progress of so fair a promise there fell a cataclysm that turned the whole business of life awry. His father died—subtly, suddenly, mysteriously. And within a month his mother had wed his uncle, who had usurped his place. To his sorrow was added sharp suspicion; and to them both there came disgust.

His intelligence was fine and informative, and he fell to reflection. His perception was acute, so acute that the minds of all he met lay before him like an open book; and this brought an instinct that, mingling with his reflection, shattered the very founts of his sanity. Was ever problem like to his? The fact that he held his uncle in such contempt made him, in the instinctive equity of his mind, question his suspicions of him. As for his mother, she who gave him birth, whose very texture he had in him, it is her falling off racks him most:—

Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes,
She married. Oh, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.

So he cries out in his torture of soul. Yet what can he do? He may suspect his uncle of foul play, but what proof has he? He may even (soul-torturing thought!) suspect his mother's complicity. But of what avail is it? Reflect he must; a leaner soul than his would even do so much: yet this can but ruin him the more. Nevertheless, he does not forget his chivalry. When his mother chides him with his sorrow, asking, "Why seems it so particular with thee?" it is with inexpressible dignity that he replies, "Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not *seems*."

To so dire a complexity comes his father's apparition. His worst fears are confirmed. "The serpent that did sting thy father's life," he learns, "now wears his crown." "Oh, my prophetic soul! My uncle!" he cries. It was even as he feared. When revenge is demanded of him he yearns for nothing so much as "wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love" to sweep to his revenge. His melancholy is whipped to a terrible excitement. It becomes well-nigh unbearable. When his friends find him he is strange and wild: so strange, so wild, that they suspect his reason. He feels it himself, yet cannot control it.

His worst fears are confirmed and he reels at the blow, but he still has no proof, and this throws his whole soul into confusion. He cannot take action without proof; for there are others to whom he is responsible. That they should think him but a felon striking at the crown for himself, that they should think him even such another as his despicable uncle, makes him shrink from a blow that would end all. How dare he strike such a blow, with no more than an apparition's breath to back him? Yet how dare he resist the blow in the face of his father's solemn injunction?

Thwarted from action, he flies to reflection. Denied the action of a hot insurgent blow, his mind flies to the fury of thought. His own nobility undoes him. Yet it is not vacillation; it is too furious for vacillation. His intelligence undermines all nature, and is suspicious of all honesty. Particularly, and above all else, is he revolted at his mother's grossness: touched by so fell a wand the whole matter of sex reeks in his nostrils, overwhelming him with nausea. His mother! His own mother! Yet he, too, loved. So he turns to his gentle Ophelia for comfort. But his letters are

returned; audience, even, is denied him. If there was one thing lacking to complete destruction in him, it was this. He finds her out; and passes his hand over her face, scanning her, to assure himself that this was even she, she whom lately he had loved. It was; and he passes from her with sighs "so piteous and profound that it did seem to shatter all his bulk." Later, the loathing of the thing upon him, he bids her get to a nunnery: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." It has disaffected him. Thereafter he regards her as but a subject for bawdy speech, his disgust taking vent thus.

Strange mood this for the achievement of revenge! It makes him doubtful even of himself. He becomes more and more introspective—all things drive him that way. Addicted thereto naturally by his nobleness, the perilous state of his mind makes him even more given over to the "craven scruple of thinking too precisely on the event." "Rightly to be great is not to stir without great argument" is a principle of his thought, and he cast about how to prove murder on his uncle, and so prove the Ghost's words true, and the Ghost himself a true ghost.

His uncle sees through him, however. Polonius endeavours to attribute the state of Hamlet's mind to his love for Ophelia; but the King will have nothing of that. He says, "There is something in his soul o'er which his melancholy sits at brood." He imagines his secret discovered, and it becomes a play of thrust and parry between him and Hamlet. He sets Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to watch him, and hatches a plot to hurry him off to England, even as Hamlet in his turn hatches a plot to bring him to self-conviction in a play of his construction. They both proceed together, but it must needs be that Hamlet's plot, being a home matter, should mature first.

"The play's the thing wherein to catch the conscience of the King," Hamlet had said. It did more. It revealed them each to the other as open foes. Above all it cleared Hamlet's mind of all doubt. Now there only remained for him to spring his deed with promptness. Yet, with the proof he needed lying in his grasp, there still remain two prime impediments to action. One is the terrible state into which his mind has been plunged, making him doubtful even of himself. The other is the urgent question of ways and means. His delicacy of mind revolts at so crude and disorderly a settlement as a stealthy chamber-blow afforded. Yet there is no court whereat to arraign him. He sees the King at his prayers, and shudders at the crude opportunity thus presented. Moreover, he is about to see his mother, hoping to discover if indeed she had any complicity in his father's murder. That is now his chief business, and he passes on, folding his intention in dark thoughts.

So the two antagonists fence each other, looking for occasion to furnish the necessary opportunity. Each fears to brave opportunity. The King is hedged by fear. Hamlet is caught in the toil of scruples; conscience has indeed made a coward of him. His "native hue of resolution is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought." Yet opportunity is not long ere it falls. And it falls to the advantage of the King, for Hamlet has killed Polonius. On a plea of public safety he is dispatched to England.

A short solution, this! It is not long ere an over-ruling fate and his daring courage win Hamlet back to the arena. He comes armed with the thought that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." His demeanour is calmer, his mood is more resolute, he is more watchful and tense. He knows the King has some plot afoot, though he knows not what it is. He knows, above all, that the end is now sure of swift arrival. Therefore, when young Osric comes to him as he talks with Horatio, telling him that the King has wagered on him in a fencing bout against Laertes, his instincts scent the final crisis. "Thou wouldest

not think," says he to Horatio, "how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter." Horatio protests; but Hamlet derides it. He "defies augury." "It is," says he, "such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman."

His instinct did not err. The tragedy has grown ripe, for he falls to a poisoned thrust from Laertes' foil. All trouble, all grief, all difficulty is over. Learning his fate, he completes his revenge, smiting the King to death in the very heyday of his crimes; and with the same breath wins the coveted death. It was so, it had to come neither earlier nor later, despite the fury that the trammels of thought and self-censure wrought in him. Yet to the last he proves himself quick and sensitive to the charge of dishonour. Says he to stout, Roman-hearted Horatio:—

If ever thou didst hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in the harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

Had Horatio searched the gamut of praise he could have found nothing fitter to his subject than when he said, "Now cracks a noble heart." Noble from first to last, it was his nobleness that destroyed him.

A TRIPTYCH OF GENOA

III.

THE alleys of Genoa are incredible. You thread your way through their network swarming with half-naked children and loud-voiced women. Lean cats nose furtively amid débris from the kitchens, broken flasks, and filth unnamable. Suddenly you come upon the remnant of a marble column scrawled over with obscenities, and still supporting the marred cornice of an acanthus capital, from which a tuft of dry weed waves in the light breeze borne up from the port with its burden of coal-dust from the mines of Newcastle or Aberdare. Gay loops of tattered garments hang limply in the turbid lower air, and tethered macaws shriek from the verandahs of cheap *albergoes* like frantic sybils prophesying doom. Skeins of taut wire zig-zag across narrow slits of blue sky; for, amid all this picturesque dilapidation and filth, Genoa is a great port, and has urgent business with the ships of all the world.

The cathedral is of black and white marble in alternate bars; its doorway columns are covered with a strange flotsam of arabesques that drifted in with Eastern argosies centuries before the Genoese had learnt to bargain for freights of coal that should compel fire and water—those volatile fiends—to the service of man. Huge lop-eared mules draw cartloads of it along the quays; and, hard by, the intolerable clang of the boiler-makers is heard in gloomy shipyards.

Liners from New York are waiting in port for their freight of raw labour for the American market; iron-gorged monsters from Swansea or Bilbao, whose swift screws trample down the surge with the suave energy of assured power, snarl out a strident warning as they sight the tall "Lanterna" that guards the harbour's western bound; and, encircling the port in a magnificent sweep—like a theatrical back-cloth suddenly shot out from the wings—one sees the superb line of hills heaped with houses, terrace above terrace, crowned with the grey ramparts of the old castle, towards which the slender bell-towers point like so many fingers. Trams dart hither and thither amidst this busy hive; they burrow through hills, they mount viaducts, they curve along the coast-line until at last, clear of the dense foreground of quays, warehouses, and giant funnels,

one sees the blue gulf waters casting their blind riot of white foam against the black rocks.

There is eager speculation on the fate of cargoes overdue in buildings plastered with the announcement of cheap fares to far-off Eldorados or nearer Edens on the Riviera; while a few yards away the priest is chanting to Christ and all His saints in the glory of a hundred candles. Only a few women are there to worship; and two small ragamuffins play hide-and-seek in and out of the central portico and the great tethered red curtain which shuts out the unhallowed glare of day. In the *cafés* and bars the electric fans winnow ceaselessly, and the glasses shine and tinkle their cool allure through curtains of beaded strings.

Down at the dock-side, among gay funnels and grimy pontoons, the boatmen are fixing up awnings of striped canvas, while the oars lie idle in the rowlocks and the water-shadows ripple on the bows. There, too, a brown boy is swimming, a small charm dangling from his throat. He dives under the broad belly of a red boat and comes up on the far side, puffing like a seal. He grips something black in one hand. It is a mussel that his fingers have raked away as he wriggled under the weed-clogged keel. He yells to a boatman, throws the prize aboard, and dives again.

The tug *Paolo Guiseppe* slips by, making a V-like trail of silvery bubbles that slap the quay wall and subside. Steam—seen only by an impalpable tremor in the air above it—hums and hisses from the funnel like swarming bees. The glaze of offal oil makes a strange dazzle on the water, and the air is sickly with the reek of raw molasses. A near crane winces under its heavy burden and squeals shrilly as it swings round. Coalheavers, naked save for a slip of sacking round the loins and shoulder-blades, trot noiselessly up and down long planks, unloading a broad barge of its dark burden. Their smooth copper skins are smudged over with coal-grit to the colour of a dirty penny. They plant their bare feet deftly on the sun-baked planks, and pass ceaselessly up and down like a revolving chain.

The gaunt, featureless, six to ten storied houses gaze down blankly, through windows that look like eyeless sockets, on the live clamour of the port below. Their colour and the company of little odds-and-ends of castellated towers, barocco belfries, and grey rock-ridges alone relieve their deadening aspect; the cleverly-painted mimic balconies and masonry, blistered and crackled by the sun like a dry biscuit, serve only to enhance their haggard frowsiness with the mockery of splendour. I think I should choose to be a topmost dweller, in spite of the climb, for he alone may take his ease in his own roof-garden, among hen-pens and potted vine, with light-winged pigeons to hint of heavenly company and sing him a daily canticle for sprinkled grain.

For a few *soldi* the tramcar will carry you, in a swirl of dust, to a wave-washed cove where you may breast the billows under a little white citadel perched on the terraced rock. Here the sea has wrought like some fantastic lapidary, studding the half-merged rocks with tooth-like barnacles and a myriad tiny pinnacles of tented shell. They are little havens of faery that feel no rude stress of time or tide; the absorbent fringe of beech-sand shines like shot-silk as the waves withdraw, and the rock pathways are tufted with aloe-trees and palm. Gazing down airy fathoms from the rock-summits, you may see the tanned youth of Genoa crowding the diving-boards, as thick as aphides on a rose-stem.

But yonder, in the great harbour, there is always the stir of brave labour and of a wind that is made an universal ambassador to all the nations of the world, for the giving and taking of tribute. The very Babel of the shipyards is heartening, and the spirit leaps skyward with the corded spires.

WILFRID THORLEY.

THE GENTEEL ARTIST

PERHAPS there was once a day when the artist was a man of toil, capable of vying in industry with the farm labourer and of excelling him in most things else. One likes, for example, to think of those mediæval gilders and carvers and stainers as sitting all day from dawn till dusk by leaded panes in queer old silent houses, plying their tasks with relentless perseverance, careless of the weather and the antics of history. One likes to think of them taking frugal meals beside their work, munching an apple while putting the finishing touches to a gilded devil, holding the tankard with one hand and the brush with the other. One feels sure that when the night came they went to bed with a very pleasant weariness, slept soundly, and did not lie awake wondering how they had managed to foozle at the eighth green. No doubt their pleasures were simple; and the invention of some slight artistic device was the joy of many weeks. They lived quiet lives and died quiet deaths, leaving behind them arts which we mimic with a vain superficiality. No doubt, like all enthusiasts, they were capable of quarrelling violently over very small details. No doubt they were on occasion careless of their morals, and rather neglected to arrange the universe and to populate Valhalla according to their private moods. They had their faults, being human; but when we turn from them to their successors of these days, how very favourable to them is the comparison! How very garish seem the surroundings of the prosperous ladies and gentlemen who paint our successful pictures and write our successful books; the pleasant people who sit in padded chairs before mahogany writing-tables, wielding gold-banded fountain pens or dictating in a leisurely manner over a choice cigar or cigarette!

There appeared once, in one of those popular articles on contemporary painters which have long been a feature of a certain magazine, the portrait of a gentleman standing elegantly before the easel upon which one of his own creations reposed. A spotless silk handkerchief peeped from his pocket, his cuffs were stiff and white as if they had only just left the haberdasher's, his beard was as trim as an aristocratic shrubbery, the crease in his trousers was perfect, the cut of his coat ideal, the radiance of his shoes all that dreams could desire. He had a negligent air, as of being about to do something interesting with a perfect ease and politeness. A cigarette drooped from the corner of his mouth, and his half-closed eyes seemed more intent upon the floating smoke than on anything else in this transient world. In the background were rich curtains and expensive furniture. Beneath his feet was a thick carpet upon which presumably no spot of paint had ever fallen. And the sum total of one's idea of this gentleman was that he was in no danger of producing a great painting. He might be a charming companion, he was more than well-groomed, and he was very possibly more than usually clever. But the beholder felt quite sure that he was not a great artist. He had never felt the sweet bitterness of the garret, he had never dreamed a day away on a hillside, he had never shuddered at a vision or wept over a fantastic sorrow. Or, if he had, at a simpler age, done any of these things, the experience had left no mark, and had not made him any more cunning in his work.

The story goes, it is true, of one great painter of a past

century who always attired himself for his easel as if for a fashionable gathering, in the stiffest of ruffs, the richest of velvet, and the most costly lace. And it is easy to sympathise with his attitude. He looked upon his art as something to be attempted only in a perfect purity of mind and body; he clad himself for his work as the bride for her wedding or the young girl for her first Communion. And if any such sentiment was present in the breasts of our modern genteel artists and writers, one could welcome it and approve. But to them their art is a business or a whim or a side issue of some sort, a thing to do for a couple of hours in the morning before golf, or a couple of hours in the evening before dinner. It would never be permitted to interfere with a social function or a motor-excursion. It would never cause its devotees to miss a meal or to bundle a friend out of the room with a vigorous rudeness. It would never produce exhaustion or the sweat of a terrible toil. Its creators do not weep like Dickens over their imaginary deathbeds nor tremble like Poe at the horror of their own visions. They do not sit for impotent hours over a blank sheet, nor revile all created things because they cannot attain the impossible. So far from being a religion their art is scarce even a profession; it is merely an exercise. They may gather fortunes, but they are never more than dilettanti, and the poorest hack of Grub-street or the most utterly forgotten carver of Ghent is their better.

Art is not the be-all and end-all even of this present life, and it is possible for the artist to take himself and his work far too seriously. One would not have every poet and painter possessed of devils; but surely a touch of fanaticism makes for great achievement. Art has, in these days, real and apparent enemies which it never had in ages of infinitely less widespread culture, and the artist who aspires to the meagrely-rewarded success of true distinction will get through the easier if he be lightly touched with fanaticism. Nothing in a man of character breeds this healthy fanaticism more certainly than a little hardship and want of luxury. Other things being equal, one feels that a great poem is more likely to be written on a deal table than on an article of inlaid rosewood. The genius in the garret may have an uncomfortable time in many ways, but he has one great advantage over his more luxurious rivals—he is compelled to throw himself body and soul into his work. He must live with it entirely. All moods and all hours must contribute their inspiration to it, all sensations of the mind and body must wait upon it, every thought and impression must carve some line, however faint, in its ideal structure. The night spreads her wings about it, all the colours of the sun light it up, all the noises of the city, all the voices of Nature are somehow echoed in it. It lies as close to life as any work of man may lie, and in the result, be it failure or success, it has not lacked attention. The garreter, whether he eventually dies famous or completely unknown, has been worthy of his craft. But the genteel artist, in his expensive study or studio, smiled upon by electric lights, flattered by costly mirrors, embraced by Russia-leather chairs, can seldom make any such claim. His successes are usually mere *tours de force*, like juggling with billiard balls, noteworthy only because they amuse and because not everyone can imitate them. He turns out a novel or a painting as neatly and as coldly as the machine turns out the packed ounce of tobacco, and probably in the general scheme of things the three products are of similar value.

R. T. CHANDLER.

[We much admire the satire of our esteemed contributor, but in the opinion of some his salad may be thought to be a little too sharp—we wonder.—ED. THE ACADEMY.]

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION TREATY

WITH all the welcome relief of the bugle's "Cease fire!" came the announcement last week that the signatures of the British and French Plenipotentiaries at Washington had been affixed, together with those of the President of the United States and his Foreign Secretary, to documents that recorded the high determination of three Great Powers to abstain from the arbitrament of war, and henceforth to "seek peace and ensue it." On the eve of what promises to be one of the bitterest political struggles in the history of the oldest Dominion of the British Empire, at a time when the Mother Country herself is riven with internecine feud, and while the nations of Europe are aching to come to death grips, the news was heard like the note of a silver bell struck amid the ominous murmur of an approaching tempest. Yet only a few days are allowed to pass, and the message of peace, issuing from the Capitol, is translated into a hostile challenge by a Senate trembling with choleric anger at the mere idea that even in the cause of world morality its constitutional prerogatives should undergo the slightest formal modification.

Let us examine the facts as they relate to ourselves. For nearly a century past, ever since peace was established by the Treaty of Ghent, the two English nations have not drawn the sword against each other. It is true that differences have existed, and that these have sometimes occasioned a dangerous friction; but never has diplomacy failed to bring about an amicable settlement. When we take into consideration the fact that the destinies of the two nations have often brought them to the cross-roads of dispute, this record is a remarkable tribute to the spirit of enlightenment which has animated their rulers. Whereas, in regard to English statesmanship, this spirit of enlightenment has manifested itself in a consistent but conventional diplomacy, American policy has frequently initiated startling departures from precedent. For example, in the year 1897 there was devised at Washington an instrument, now known as the abortive Olney-Pauncefote Treaty, which provided for the establishment of an International Commission whose office it was to decide and adjudicate upon all matters that might form the subject of international disagreement. But the Senate refused to give its ratification to the Treaty, and for the time being the grandiose purpose of its promoters fell to the ground. But the mantle of Elijah passed from Administration to Administration until, on April 4th, 1908, there was concluded between the two countries an Arbitration Treaty covering the settlement by consent of a variety of thorny questions. It is on this document, inconclusive and incomplete though it was, that the present instrument is framed.

Boldly agreeing to the principle that no possible cause of international complaint should remain outside the jurisdiction of an arbitral tribunal, the High Contracting Parties have determined to submit all questions of difference which it may be found impossible in future to settle by diplomacy. With the object of putting this principle into practice it has been decided to establish a joint High Commission of Inquiry, "to which, upon the request of either party, there shall be referred for impartial and conscientious investigation any controversy between the parties . . . before such controversy is submitted to arbitration." This Joint Commission is to be constituted by each nation designating three of its nationals to act, and it is further provided that the Commission shall be authorised to examine into and report

upon "particular questions or matters referred to it for the purpose of facilitating the solution of disputes by elucidating the facts and defining the issues presented in such questions." The essential clause of the document—the clause which embodies the whole principle of compulsory arbitration—stipulates that the question whether an international difference shall be subject to arbitration may be submitted to the Commission, and if all, or all but one, of the members of Commission agree to report that such difference comes within the scope of the Treaty, it shall be referred to arbitration. And here we find the cause of objection upon which a section of the Upper Chamber bases its opposition. It is contended that by delegating such powers to a few individuals, nominees of the President, the traditional and constitutional functions of the Senate would be grievously violated. Moreover, the opponents of the treaty maintain that if similar treaties are concluded with Oriental countries, it would be difficult, if not altogether impossible, to exclude from their operation the vexed and complicated question of Asiatic immigration. Similar complaint is made in regard to the Monroe doctrine.

It is an axiom of world-wide acceptance that the foreign policy of a country, whether that country be governed on monarchical or democratic principles, is best left in the hands of a trusted leader of the State, and no official enjoys a greater freedom from Parliamentary interference than a Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It would seem, therefore, that where questions affecting national interests and national honour are involved, they are much safer left to the consideration and adjustment of a few men of proved administrative ability and of proved integrity, than submitted to a body in which party aims are always coming into conflict. Nothing could have been more unfortunate in the interests of the Treaty than the accidental presence in Washington of Admiral Togo, for it gave the President an opportunity—which he would seem to have improved upon somewhat unnecessarily—of exercising that generous courtesy for which he is famed. At a moment when the signatures to the Treaty were scarcely dry, before even it had been submitted to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, Mr. Taft, eulogising the Japanese monarch as a royal statesman having broad, humanitarian views, saw fit to invite Japan to become a member of the select coterie of nations who have agreed to settle their differences by means of arbitrations. Naturally the opponents in the Upper Chamber whose fundamental objection to the Treaty is, as I have stated, based on constitutional grounds, immediately seized upon the incident as showing additional cause why the principle of compulsory arbitration should not be put into practice. Their argument is specious; but it is extremely doubtful whether they themselves are convinced of its soundness. For it is altogether improbable that the American members of a Commission of Inquiry, such as under the new Treaty it is proposed to institute, would ever consent to submit to arbitration any question relating either to Asiatic immigration or the Monroe Doctrine.

The opposition of the Senate, as expressed by the recommendations of the Foreign Relations Committee, has taken the form of an emasculatory amendment, which robs the Treaty of that vital clause providing for the application of the principle of compulsory arbitration. In this mutilated guise it will never pass into law, for the President has the right, and in such a case would not hesitate to exercise it, to withhold his consent from any International Treaty. But this stiff-necked attitude on the part of a section of the Upper Chamber cannot in the long run prevail against the national will of the great Republic.

MOTORING

ONE of the notable features of the present season has been the rehabilitation of the electric vehicle as the ideal town carriage for fashionable society. The tendency in this direction was most marked at the Coronation, when many of the smart and elegant broughams of the Electromobile Company were to be seen about town with the Royal Arms fitted to them. The occupants of these were guests of the King, by whose command "Electromobiles" were retained for use throughout the festivities. Among the distinguished users of these luxurious carriages during the Coronation period were Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein and Mr. C. P. Taft, brother of the President of the United States, both of whom expressed their entire satisfaction. On Coronation Day some thirty peers and peeresses were driven to the Abbey in "Electromobiles"—a rather interesting fact when one remembers that this is the first Coronation at which mechanically-propelled vehicles have been permitted to be used.

When the Automobile Association announced its intention to purchase 10,000 ruby reflex lights, and present them free of charge to as many individual cyclists as chose to apply for them, the offer was received in many cycling quarters with a certain amount of suspicion. The average cyclist could not understand such apparent generosity on the part of an organisation of motorists whom he has come to regard as his natural enemy, and was disposed to fight shy of acceptance. Probably he thought as the motorist himself thought when the proposal to build special motor-roads had been duly assimilated—namely, that the use of them would become compulsory and lead to further restrictive legislation. Common sense, however, combined with the natural desire to get something for nothing, has prevailed, and we now understand that, although the announcement was only made a month ago, over 10,000 applications for the lights have already been received. The list is therefore now closed, and the lights are being sent out as fast as delivery can be obtained. Care is being taken that the applications are dealt with strictly in the order received, and those applicants whose requests have arrived too late will be notified to that effect.

As a matter of fact the action of the Committee of the A.A. in incurring this considerable expense on behalf of cyclists is not entirely disinterested, nor do they pretend that it is. The members themselves would have a right to protest against the allocation of any portion of their subscriptions for such purely altruistic purposes. The fact is that the non-carrying of a rear light by cyclists after dark constitutes a serious source of inconvenience and danger both to motorist and cyclist; and although the danger more particularly attaches to the latter, the average motorist is not obsessed by any desire to run him down. He is, however, entitled to expect that the cyclist himself shall do something in the direction of self-protection, and when the risk of accident can be so largely minimised by the simple precaution of carrying such a useful and inexpensive device as the ruby disc, there is nothing unreasonable in expecting that this shall be done. The A.A. and M.U. is therefore to be congratulated on the offer and its acceptance. It is to be hoped that it will initiate a better understanding between these two important classes of road-users.

As evidence of the great advances that have been made in motor-car construction during the last year or two, even in vehicles of quite moderate price, the experience of a

private owner of a 14-16 h.p. Belsize is worth recording. In a communication to a technical contemporary this gentleman states that he purchased his car in the early part of this year, and up to the present has driven it over 7,000 miles. Although without any previous experience in motor-driving, he had only had it three weeks when he did the whole of the Lake District, many of the daily runs ranging from 150 to 200 miles. The roads over which a large portion of the running has taken place include some of the roughest and most hilly in the country. On top gear the driver found the car to have a range of speed of six to forty-five miles per hour, and the petrol consumption to average twenty-three to twenty-four miles to the gallon. Throughout the 7,000 miles he has had no trouble whatever with engine, clutch, or carburettor, or, in fact, with anything in connection with the car, except, of course, the tyres. Altogether, he is so satisfied with his first experience of car-ownership, and with the workmanship of the North-Country firm, that he states his intention of acquiring for next season a six-cylinder car of the same make.

In view of the very considerable saving the motorist can effect by purchasing his lubricants in bulk, it is rather surprising that so many continue to buy it in the small cans. The labour involved in the packing of such small quantities, the cost of the cans, and the expense of distribution combine practically to double the cost of the oil by the time it reaches the consumer. The economical way is to buy the oil in drums or barrels—the latter preferably for those who have plenty of storage room. From a pamphlet entitled "Motor Lubrication," issued by the London Motor Garage Co., of Wardour Street, W., we see that this firm has for many years been supplying its Charron clients with lubricating oil of guaranteed high quality at 2s. per gallon in five-gallon drums, or 1s. 6d. per gallon in casks. This represents a saving of 50 to 76 per cent. on the prices paid when bought by the single gallon.

Whilst something like finality appears to have been reached in the matter of speed so far as the motor-car is concerned, fresh records are continually being established by the mechanically-propelled two-wheeler. On Saturday last, at Celtic Park, Martin beat the world's record for 2½ h.p. machines by covering five miles from a standing start in 5min. 30secs. On the same occasion he established fresh Scottish records for one and three miles respectively. "Continental" tyres, which have been so conspicuous in racing successes this season, were used.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

We have been drenched with misfortune, and the flood of misery still runs strongly. Just as we thought that the Strike in London had ended, the workmen all over the country began fresh agitation. This is not the place to discuss the rights and wrongs of the Labour Party. A capitalist views the matter from one side of the hedge, the workmen from the other. The struggle must go on until the end of time; it is just as much a law of Nature as is the "survival of the fittest." Like many of Nature's laws it is peculiarly disagreeable. The cause of all the trouble is, of course, the extraordinary rise in the cost of living, which has occurred all over the world during the past five

years. Wages have risen, but they have not risen in proportion to the advance of the price of commodities. Strikes appear to be the only method yet discovered whereby wages and the cost of living can be brought into agreement. The capitalist naturally views a rise in wages with distrust, for wages once put up are difficult to reduce, and it is much more difficult than it looks to advance the price to the customer. Traders all over the country have been marking up prices for some time past; but an advance in selling prices is regulated by competition. Probably the hot weather is also responsible for much of the unrest. Workmen hesitate to strike in bitter winter weather; they find it better to loaf about idle on a hot summer's day.

The Stock Exchange takes the Labour troubles seriously. Not so much because it is keen upon economics as because the House has been filled with tales of trouble amongst the members. Many lenders of money absolutely refused to advance at the settlement just concluded, and three firms have failed over the account. Yet the fall in Home Rails has not been serious, and except in Americans the differences to be paid are really unimportant. But many firms have been seriously incommoded by the failure of the public to take up new issues. Underwriters are up to their necks in securities they cannot sell and upon which the banks will not lend.

The position has been definitely cleared by the liquidation of the past few months. Stocks that were in weak hands have now gone into the portfolios of the great banking houses, who can and will hold until the market revives. I look forward to a renewed activity in the autumn, for speculation never remains dormant for any extended period, and the multitude of bears in every market makes for great strength.

CONSOLS have been steady, and the Government broker has been buying, presumably for the Post Office. It seems hopeless to expect any help from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Lloyd George was an admirable man in his last post—too good for his colleagues, who with devilish instinct felt that he must fail as Chancellor of the Exchequer. And fail he did. His two Bills, the Old Age Pensions and the Insurance Bill, will cost the country forty millions a year within a few years, and he will go down to posterity as one of the worst Chancellors England has ever had. Yet he might have left a great name had he been in Mr. Winston Churchill's place to-day, for he is a marvellous mediator and peacemaker.

FOREIGNERS have been the steadiest market in the House. This is the one gleam of sunshine in a stormy week. The great Paris banks have been supporting Russians, and the price has actually risen. These big banks are closely connected with the Quai D'Orsay, and they would have sold every Russian bond in their safes if the diplomats had even hinted at danger. We all know that Germany does not want war, and will not fight until she is ready, but what we did not quite know was the attitude France might adopt. This the market tells us.

HOME RAILS.—The strike trouble is very annoying, both as regards its effect upon trade and its bearing upon the railway companies. A long strike will utterly destroy trade, but a short strike has less effect than people imagine. I think it will be found that the railways will get over their difficulties at less cost than was at first anticipated. I am sure of one thing, that investors have never had such a chance of buying 5 per cent. gilt-edged stocks as they have had this week. North Easterns have actually been purchasable at 128, and the dividend is 6½ per cent. Lancashire and Yorkshire, London and North-Western, and Great Western have all been far too low in price, and must recover. English people, who are of a careful turn of mind, know quite well that you cannot secure a 5 per cent. yield upon any really sound and safe security, and they will therefore take advantage of the slump to buy. All the dealers are short, for the strikes have scared them.

YANKEES.—The American market has been slumping steadily under a vigorous attack by important people in Wall Street. The bankers have now tried to stop the selling. They have seen a chance of buying cheap shares, and they

have not missed their opportunity. The principal stock to be banged has been Unions. Frick has resigned. The story goes that he tried to force the Board to pay a higher dividend, and resigned in disgust. But I can find no confirmation of this. The Union Pacific melon will have to be cut some day, but not until the Preference shareholders have been settled with. In the meantime, houses like Kuhn, Loeb and Co. always buy Unions when they fall below 175. The traffics have not been good of late, and the actual revenue from their investments has fallen over a million dollars, yet the Union Pacific earns more than 14 per cent. on its common stock. The tales about the bad harvest appear to be exaggerated. But what is not exaggerated is the uneasiness caused by the continued political attacks. The Banking system of the United States is the most atrocious in the world, yet Congress is now examining into the crimes of the so-called "Money Trust." The National, City National, and one or two more banks, are said to manipulate money in the States. But the real trouble is that they cannot manipulate it enough. There are 20,000 Banks in America, and they are managed under laws that literally compel panics.

RUBBER is a shade off colour. The public declines to buy rubber shares at their present prices, and uses a great deal of common sense in the matter. The raw rubber market cannot rise, for the Brazilian Banks hold 8,000 tons, upon which they have lent money, which they cannot sell. We are officially informed that in a few years the Malay will turn out 65,000 tons of rubber in a year! This does not look like a rise in rubber. Yet the Brazilian banks are most confident, and declare that they can finance the new crop and hold the price. If they attempt such mad games they will end in bankruptcy. That is quite clear. I foresee a gradual dwindling away in values until the good shares yield a reasonable return. The Anglo-Dutch, which came out with such a flourish, pay a 3 per cent. dividend. But this is more than we expected.

OIL.—Some of the brokers who have been allowing their clients to gamble in oil have been very hard hit, and they have made serious losses. Not only have the quotations been against them, but the market actually dried up, and would take no more shares. Maikop appears to be at its dying gasp, the result of floating without enough working capital. Shell and Spies have also been weak, but seem moderately cheap to-day. But the oil market is quite demoralised, and we may see even lower levels, for with the exception of the Shell, Burmah, and California crowds, none of the other oil people have any money.

KAFFIRS.—The market looks a shade better. But that is all that can be said. Too much importance must not be placed on the closing down of the Jubilee—an old worked-out show, whose shares stand nominally at 5s., or the value of the plant. The July figures are a record, but we must not forget that the gold reserves have been depleted to make this record. The real trouble in the Transvaal is labour. Given ample labour we might even get a four-million output. The magnates now see that the proper policy is to gut the mine as quickly as possible and as profitably also. Stoping widths are being reduced—only rich ore sent to the mill; good labour and machinery are no longer wasted upon 5-dirt rock. We must, therefore, in future take 10 per cent. at least from the life of the mines.

RHODESIANS have been flat. No agreement has been come to amongst the magnates, and Mr. Mabson's startling and really serious article in last week's *Statist* will have done no good to the market. We all know quite well the facts, but here we get an experienced editor just home from the country pointing out the dangers of the system the Rhodesian magnates have introduced, and telling us that the prospects he has seen will not bear huge capitals. Every one should read the current issue of the *Statist*. It requires a man of courage to write as Mr. Mabson writes; courage is scarce in the City, and goes unrewarded.

EGYPT.—The weather has changed. The worm has disappeared before the hot, dry winds. The experts say that the crop will hardly show a 10 per cent. decrease. The danger of Boll-worm still exists, and we cannot shout until we are out of the wood, but, given fine, dry weather until the end

of September, we should get a crop of seven million cantars. The news is good and every one hopes that it will remain good, for a bad cotton crop would have made Lord Kitchener's task ten times more difficult.

MISCELLANEOUS market has been dull, for many brokers, scenting danger, have closed up weak accounts. Hudson Bays, Cements, Marconis have been feeble. Calico Printers' preference shares seem under-priced, for the report shows a steady increase in trade. Even the ordinary are a reasonable gamble.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—The very intelligent and open-minded article on "Spelling Reform" which appears in your issue of August 5th is only one—though a conspicuous one—among many symptoms of the recent spread of enlightenment on this important subject. As there has been no opportunity of submitting the article to the Committee of the Simplified Spelling Society, I cannot write officially in its name; but most of "J. R."s" views are exactly those expressed in the various publications of the Society. As your correspondent, however, seems to write rather from inward illumination than from a knowledge of what is actually being done towards a solution of the problem, you will perhaps allow me to supplement his article in one or two important particulars.

"J. R." deals ably and, so far as his space allowed, conclusively, with the two stock arguments of conservatism, which may be called the etymological and the aesthetic fallacies. These fallacies are, to all intents and purposes, dead, though their ghosts continue to walk now and then in the newspapers, when some wiseacre is moved to enlighten the world on a matter on which he is entirely ignorant, and as to which he has all the great linguistic authorities, from Max Müller, Professor Skeat, and Sir James Murray downwards, absolutely and emphatically against him. "J. R.", in fact, has arrived at what I venture to call the incontrovertible truth of the matter—namely, that there is no valid defence for our chaotic spelling, and that conservatism would do well to give up the theoretical battle, and simply entrench itself in the assertion of the extreme difficulty of devising any practical and acceptable method of reform.

That is the difficulty—a very real one—which this Society and the American Simplified Spelling Board are now facing with a fixed resolution of overcoming it. A conference of delegates of the two Societies, summoned for that purpose, will meet in London on the 4th of next month. I shall have pleasure in sending you in a few days a list of the members of this Conference. In the meantime, I should like to point out that after several years' study of the problem, and practical efforts in the direction of reform, we are able to take up a definite position on one or two points which "J. R." leaves somewhat in the vague.

None of us, I think it safe to say, are "advocates of a purely phonetic system"—that is, of the adoption of an alphabet including a large number of new characters, and capable of reproducing with scientific accuracy the finest shades of pronunciation. This is neither practically possible nor theoretically desirable. For one thing, such an alphabet could be handled only by trained phoneticians; and though the study of phonetics is spreading very rapidly, we can scarcely look forward to a time when the whole English-speaking world shall have mastered that fascinating science. An accurately phonetic alphabet, then, may be regarded as wholly outside the sphere of practical politics. And here I may note, in parenthesis, one of the few actual errors into which "J. R." is betrayed. He says that the present method of spelling, in contradistinction to a phonetic system, "is capable of expressing not only the sounds of standard English, but also the finest shades and subtleties of local dialect." This is a very curious misconception. A phonetic alphabet which could not express these shades and subtleties would be obviously defective; whereas our present alphabet, in so far as it can express them at all, can do so only by means of a system of conventionally accepted modifications (diographs, umlauts, &c.) which render it for the purpose in view phonetic.

On the other hand, practical experience does not bear out "J. R."s" suggestion that the only plan "at once feasible and

desirable" is to "reject forthwith all anomalous spellings which have no archaeological foundation, and to adopt in their place the spellings dictated by true etymology." No doubt this is in itself desirable, though the amount of simplification thus effected would be so very slight as to be scarcely worth the trouble involved in even the smallest change. But desirable or no, it is not feasible, for the simple reason that conservatism rebels against the smallest change quite as stubbornly as against the greatest. The objection to any change springs from a purely instinctive sense of discomfort which has no rational basis and cannot be overcome by any process of reasoning. The very people who take their stand on the so-called etymological argument are found in practice to be quite as much opposed to simplifications which correct false etymologies as to those which seem to obscure true ones. Sporadic changes, in short, however scholarly and elegant, awaken just as much wrath as systematic simplification, and have no great practical utility to commend them.

What, it may be asked, do I mean by "systematic simplification," if a scientific phonetic alphabet be ruled out? I mean a system which, utilising the letters of the existing alphabet (possibly with the aid of diacritical marks, though to this I am personally opposed) shall assign to each sound its characteristic symbol (single letter or digraph), and shall possess almost all the merits, with none of the disadvantages, of a phonetic alphabet. It is no easy matter to devise such a system, but we have made a certain advance towards solving the problem, and we have very good hopes of shortly arriving at a complete, practical, and eventually acceptable solution. "Eventually acceptable," I say, for we are far from imagining that it will be received with jubilation, and instantly adopted by the whole English-speaking world. But we are not without our plans for the work of propaganda; and if, as we believe, we can put forward a system which any intelligent man can master in half an hour, which will shorten by a whole year (on an average) the time which children have now to expend on learning to spell, and which will make the acquisition of English (both spoken and written) incomparably easier to the foreigner, we are confident that the practical sense of the nation and the English-speaking world will not be slow in rallying to our side. It is very probable, as "J. R." suggests, that the literary class will be the last to follow suit. But the literary class, fortunately, will have no power to stand up against a reform which will, we believe, commend itself to reasonable men as a substantial benefaction to all future generations of English-speaking people.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

WILLIAM ARCHER, Secretary.
Simplified Spelling Society, 44, Great Russell-street, W.C.

JUSTICE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—Will you allow me to utter a protest against the sweeping denunciations re the strike?

The chief trouble of the writer "W. L. R." appears to be the inconvenience caused through the strike. But that is beside the point. The public would not mind a little inconvenience if thereby the strikers obtained a living wage. With the strikers it is either to continue to live under their present conditions or of bettering their conditions.

"W. L. R." states that agitators have persuaded workmen who earn a "comfortable wage" to come out on strike—not for their own benefit, but in sympathy with the strikers, I suppose he means. But in the present strike can he give a single instance of any one section of the strikers who are earning a "comfortable wage"? I am sure he will fail.

Previous to the awards did the seamen, the stevedore, the dockers, the coalie, or the carmen get a "comfortable wage"? Is it a "fancied grievance" on their part?

They could not arrange their grievances with "a little common sense" unless the common sense of the masters went to the length of granting them a living wage.

He also bewails the fact that the "old and mutually profitable relationship between employers and employees is practically at an end." But, surely, if that ever existed, it died at the birth of the limited liability companies. Pleasant and profitable indeed—to whom? Not the employee. Which reminds me. During the Coronation festivities a large firm were very anxious to deliver their goods in time for the holidays. They promised their employees a present for the extra work—in some cases day and night. They got the work done well to time. Now for the

present. A number of these men were discharged last week owing to slackness: that was their present.

If only employers would pay their workmen a living wage there would not be any question of unpleasantness between master and man. Treat them as living men, not machines. The days of the Thomas Pinch class of workmen have long since passed away.

He is also very wroth with Mr. Churchill in not taking more drastic action. Calling out the soldiers, I suppose. Mr. Churchill did right in not doing so. London is neither Tony-pandy nor Cardiff. Call out the soldiers, and that would be the spark which would set the whole capital into a revolution, the consequences of which are too awful to contemplate. Finally, he condemns the men for attempting to improve their conditions. Yes, how dare they grumble at their lot! They have good wages, houses, food, and clothes, and plenty of time to enjoy the fruits of their labour.

But, unfortunately, they do not think so; hence the strike to improve those conditions. And—they have been successful. I fail to see how "his last state is bound to be worse than the first." At any rate, by the success of this strike the workers now know that it is by organised effort alone that any success can be obtained, and they are not likely to forget it. Their strength lies in labour, and labour only. "Omni Vincit Labor."

I was very sorry to see such an obviously one-sided article in THE ACADEMY. The whole Press have admitted that the men's claims are just. They disagree as to the strikers' methods, that is all. I trust the next time he writes upon labour troubles he will descend to realities and write of things as they are and not from the lofty heights of an academic point of view.—I remain, yours sincerely,

VIVIAN C. CROWTHER.

August 12, 1911.

P.S.—But perhaps it is "W. L. R." who is "coddled."

[We shall be pleased to hear other opinions on this important subject, and will reply to them in due course.—ED. THE ACADEMY.]

AN INTOLERABLE MISCREANCY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The case for the "No Surrender" peers has been put strongly by several writers, but by no writer quite strongly enough. The fact is, we are in the midst of two revolutions—one inherent in the Parliament Bill, and the other in the astounding employment of a supposititious prerogative of the Crown—the latter the graver revolution of the two. Hence, apart from the acceptance of the Veto Bill, the supreme point of the present crisis is this—that if that exercise of the prerogative is submitted to and acquiesced in, the reign of freedom in this country may be said to be over. What is the formula that has hitherto been presented at our heads? It is the formula that the Crown has power to create peers to end a deadlock between the two Houses. There has been no deadlock between the two Houses. Hence the formula has been amended to the remarkable dictum that the Crown has power to prevent an anticipated deadlock before it has arrived.

The formula as amended confers immeasurable powers upon the Throne, which are best illustrated by the almost gratuitous ease with which the formula has been applied upon this occasion. It might have been thought that at least the crisis might have been allowed to come to a head—that the *impasse* might have been an accomplished fact. But Mr. Asquith might first even have resigned before this tremendous expedient was resorted to, if only to satisfy the formal preliminaries of a gigantic new departure, if only to bring home to the general public that there was a genuine impossibility of solving the situation without some abnormal intervention. It might also have been thought that only an utterly irreconcilable attitude on the part of the House of Lords could have redeemed such a coercion, and that the indecent haste wherewith the whole of this unspeakably grave matter has been rushed in less than two years would have received no recognition from above.

However, the formula being now widely accepted (and among others accepted by Lord Lansdowne), it bears with it certain retrospective and prospective deductions.

Retrospectively it means this: That all the time we were congratulating ourselves on the possession of the House of Lords as part of the bedrock of our Constitution and as its impregnable bulwark, it never rested on any more stable basis than this—that any Radical leader coming into office had only to bring in a Bill for its abolition to call on the Crown to create Peers to over-

whelm it, and there was an end of its existence. So that the House of Lords, so far from being founded upon a rock, was not even founded upon sand—it was founded upon straw. This is the grotesque conclusion the acceptance of the formula entails. This conclusion Lord Lansdowne is bound to accept, and yet, convinced as he therefore must have been in his own mind that the House of Lords hung upon air, he nevertheless impelled it in 1909 to the violently provocative act of throwing out the Budget.

So far retrospectively; but prospectively it is obvious that this weapon of the Crown, hitherto dimly outlined in the background as a possible hardly acknowledged expedient to be exercised perhaps once in two centuries to bridge some hopeless gulf of difference between the two parties, after all the possibilities of a protracted struggle had been exhausted, has now been resorted to in the face of no such obtusity of conditions and no such interval of contention. Hence it has now taken its place in the recognised everyday armoury of any subversive ministry and confined to the side of subversion, for amid all the unctuous homilies on the right of their cause our opponents never tire of expounding, one conjures up the wild outbreak of fury and abuse that would have been expended on the Crown if the Tory party for its own ends had revived any similar submerged mediæval implement. As it is, by its aid the miserable residuum of phantom inefficacy still left to the House of Lords can at any moment be shorn away, and there is no single one of our cherished institutions the life of which is, from an insurance point of view, worth six months' purchase.

MONTAGU WOOD.

"STATE INSURANCE FROM THE WORKMAN'S POINT OF VIEW"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have just read your article as above, which I approve. The strange thing to me is that no one has taken up the case of the Domestic Servant's Insurance. The amount demanded is far more than any probable outlay on sickness could possibly come to, and to handicap a poor girl getting £12, say, a year with so much to pay seems very hard.

Can you explain why no one has referred to it in Parliament? I presume it is because as a class they have no one to interest themselves. Can you do anything?—Yours truly,

R. EDWARDS.

9, West Hill Gardens, Hastings.

A NEW COLUMBUS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Frank Harris's article on Fabre is interesting, but he is scarcely correct in saying that the scientist "was only discovered by the wise men in Paris the other day." Fabre was elected a correspondent of the French Academy of Sciences in 1887—seventeen years before Metchnikoff and twenty-three years before Lord Avebury, who are both in the same section (Anatomy and Zoology) as Fabre.—I am, &c.,

H. H. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

Catholic Studies in Social Reform.—I. *Destitution and Suggested Remedies*. With a Preface by the Right Rev. Monsignor Henry Parkinson, D.D.—II. *Sweated Labour and the Trade Boards Act*. Edited by the Rev. Thomas Wright, P. S. King and Son. 6d. net.

A *National Millstone and Its Removal. A Plea for Sound Finance*. By Albert William Alderson. P. S. King and Son. 6d.

PERIODICALS

United Empire; *American Journal of Mathematics*; *Cambridge University Reporter*; *The Publisher's Circular*; *The Bookseller*; *The Financial and Economic Annual of Japan*, 1911, Tokyo; *Tourist Magazine*; *Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature*; *Representation*; *The Journal of the Proportional Representation Society*; *The Parsi*; *Papyrus*; *The Smart Set*; *The Bodleian*; *La Revue*; *The Literary Digest*; *The University Correspondent*; *Revue Bleue*; *Mercurie de France*.

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